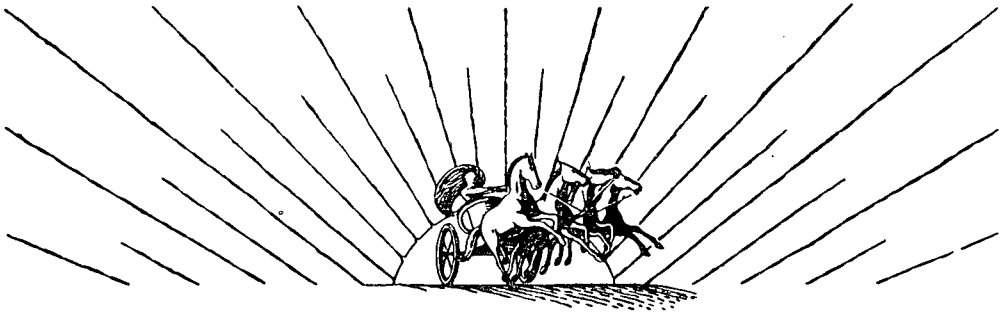

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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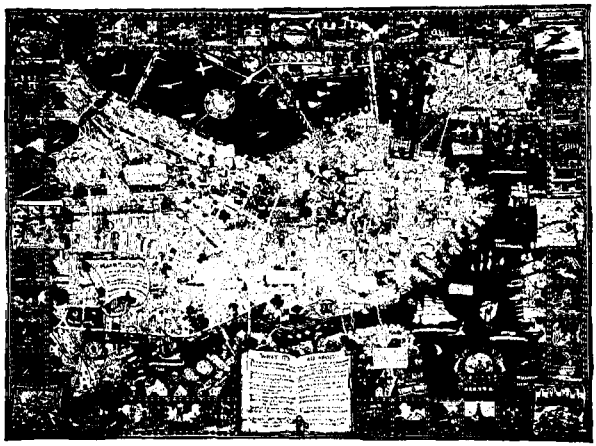

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It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Adams has given us in these three volumes, a classic of American history. The excellence of his work, despite the increased difficulty in handling the theme in the concluding volume has been fully sustained; and the committee who awarded the Pulitzer Prize to The Founding of New England could not hesitate retroactively to include Revolutionary New England; and New England in the Republic in their commendation.

Perhaps Mr. Adams's severe handling of the Puritans in the 17th century, the patriots of the 18th, and the particularists of the 19th, will give offense to some New Englanders, but others will not be in the least troubled by the honest interpretation of a scholar who sees the drama of New England history from a different angle and in a different perspective from those of the old New England school. At any rate, we New Englanders have learned that there are other Adamses than those of Braintree and Boston.

David Saville Muzzey in
THE NEW REPUBLIC, July 7, 1926

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THE GUIDE POST

BOTH Joseph Caillaux and the *Ère Nouvelle*, in which his speech appeared, are anathema to most of the public men in France whom we were taught to admire during the war. The record of the former Minister of Finance is common knowledge, and he is still looked upon by numerous chauvinists as little better than a traitor. His governing idea has always been for Europe, and especially France and Germany, to stand together against English exploitation. At present, he shrewdly avoids preaching some of the theories that have made him unpopular, but there is no reason to suppose that his convictions have changed.

* * *

As its name suggests, the *Empire Review* is anxious to promote the welfare and unity of what some of us have learned to call the British Commonwealth of Nations. Our two articles on Canada bring out a neat little contrast between the English Imperialist who takes no pains to conceal his jealousy of the United States and the loyal Colonial whose geographic misfortune compels him to believe that North America is the new centre of the world. The *Spectator*, under the editorship of John Evelyn Wrench, English-Speaking Union official, would like to think that the centre of gravity lay just a little nearer London than New York, but not much.

* * *

After so many English accounts of the coal strike as a religious experience, *L'Europe Nouvelle's* version of the present state of Wales is indeed refreshing. It is characteristic of the enterprise of this cosmopolitan weekly to send M. Viollis all the way to Cardiff, and typical of its political sympathies that it should leave the reader with the feeling that the miners have been getting a very shabby deal.

* * *

The Boston Higginsons, renowned in banking and symphonic circles, are of the same family as the aged General Higginson, who may remind some of our readers of another distinguished centenarian, the late Mrs. Haldane of Cloan, whose memoirs appeared in our columns some eighteen months ago. The interview is taken from the London *Daily Telegraph*, the most voluminous and thorough paper in England.

* * *

Although a Frenchman by birth, Régis Michaud has made his home in the United States since 1906, and married an American wife. He taught French at Princeton until 1914, then moved to Smith, and is now Professor at the University of California. *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* praises him for the way in which he 'accomplished the double task of making the most modern French literature known and loved in the United States and during his visits to France making us know and understand American literature.' His article was written during a recent visit to Paris.

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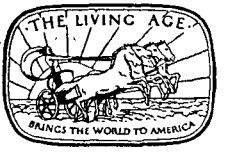

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Abyssinia Again

THIS ancient Christian kingdom promises to replace Mohammedan Morocco as the tinder box of Africa. We described not long ago Great Britain's peculiar interest in Abyssinia, and the twenty-year-old agreement between her and France and Italy delimiting their respective rights there: England was to have the waters of Lake Tsana to irrigate the Sudan, France to receive a railway concession from the coast to the capital, and Italy to enjoy the right to build a road across the country between her two provinces of Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. France promptly utilized her right and built a road to Addis Abeba, which has been running for several years and has given her commercial precedence in Abyssinia. Last autumn, apparently about the time that Mr. Chamberlain and Mussolini talked over so many business matters at Rapallo, Great Britain and Italy reached a new accord regarding Abyssinia, which was not valid, however, under the earlier tripartite treaty, without the consent of France; but France put her foot down in favor of the status quo. Italy waxed indignant, and the English press, including even the *Manchester Guardian*, which has a keen eye out for British cotton interests in the Sudan, expressed injured surprise at what it would doubtless call, if that were the kind of language used on such occasions, the diplomatic tantrums of the gentlemen on the Seine.

It is difficult to trace all the motives operating here. French papers betray the suspicion that England offered Italy her backing in Abyssinia in return for Italy's threats against Turkey at the critical period of the Mosul negotiations. The Italian press hints that France, having got all it wants in Abyssinia, wishes to play the dog in the manger there, and some of the more rabid Fascist papers have fairly raved at the impudence of their northern neighbor. A section of the French press normally friendly to Italy and hostile to England even attributed the whole trouble to the British Foreign Office's desire to sow dissension between two great Continental nations, and thus weaken them vis-à-vis the British Empire. France has argued that the old treaty honestly recognized Abyssinia's sovereignty, but that the Anglo-

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Italian proposal is intended to divide the ancient kingdom into three zones of influence, precisely like the two zones of influence created in Morocco, and to establish an economic if not a political protectorate over the country. Abyssinia is a member of the League, and it is not unlikely that her protests against the rather cavalier disposal of her resources proposed will be heard before that body. Great Britain, true to type, sees the question as fundamentally moral. Abyssinia tolerates the slave trade, — though, to be sure, this is because the Central Government has some difficulty in enforcing its decrees in the remoter parts of its border territory, — and therefore the whole question of her membership in the League, which was made more or less conditional upon the suppression of that traffic, ought to be reconsidered.

Sir Austen Chamberlain told the members of the House of Commons early in July that there was nothing in the situation to create excitement. Of course, Abyssinia was under the wing of the League of Nations and nothing could be done to impair her rights without the sanction of Geneva. He assured his hearers that Italy, while naturally seeking opportunities to employ her surplus population, did not intend to do so at the cost of the rights of others. *Le Temps*, which has taken a rather stiff attitude in the matter, but which also is an admirer of Mr. Chamberlain, professed to be quite satisfied with these assurances. The *Manchester Guardian* opines that if France were to save Abyssinia from her European Allies she would afterward claim her reward in the same kind of economic advantages that she would have prevented those Allies from securing. Probably the matter will be settled amicably in the end, to the satisfaction of everybody except Abyssinia.

If we are to believe the *New Statesman*, however, — a journal not usually clamorous for imperialist expansion, — 'it seems that "the Elect of the Lord, the King of Kings of Ethiopia," is in a pretty comfortable position. He has four Powers — Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium — contending (and contending is no mere figure of speech!) for his favors. Our concern is with the water of Lake Tsana, which we want to dam for the irrigation of the Sudan and Egypt. The Italians want a railway across Abyssinia to connect Eritrea with Italian Somaliland. The French have already got their railway, — the only railway at present in Abyssinia, — which debouches at Jibouti; but they are jealous of Italy's claims, and apprehensive of the injury threatened by an Italian railway to Abyssinian independence. The Italians not unnaturally wish to know why the French railway does not injure Abyssinian independence. It appears now that this dispute is on the way to be settled, and presently we shall all meet at Addis Abeba to pay the price of our concessions. For our part, we do not see why properly defined concessions of this sort should be deplored. The Abyssinians are a free people, and we do not want to see their freedom filched from them. But neither do we want them to use their freedom to prevent trade, or to deprive the vast populations in the Nile Valley of vitally necessary water. The march of civilization has, no doubt, some disadvantages. But it has also some advantages; among other things it might interfere with the ancient and lucrative occupation of slave raiding for which the Abyssinians are famous.'

Salient Facts about British Coal

ACCORDING to a memorandum circulated among the members of the

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House of Commons and based upon the findings of the British Coal Commission, nearly three fourths of the coal mined in Great Britain during the last quarter of 1925 was produced at a loss. This loss, averaged upon the total product, amounted to nearly thirty cents a ton. During the first quarter of 1926, immediately before the present lockout occurred, the average cost of winning a ton of coal was between seventeen and eighteen shillings, of which wages constituted 12*s.* 4*d.*, royalties 6¼*d.*, and the remainder was accounted for by supplies and overhead charges.

As to the status of mining labor, unskilled underground workers are paid, upon an average, 1*s.* 3¼*d.* an hour, or more than building laborers, tramway motormen and conductors, municipal laborers, gas-works employees, or railway porters. They are paid very much more than laborers in the engineering trades, the shipyards, and on the farms, who receive from 10¼*d.* down to 8½*d.* an hour. Skilled miners earn, upon an average, 1*s.* 10*d.* an hour, or more than locomotive engineers and skilled building mechanics. Their weekly earnings range from seventeen dollars to twenty dollars in American currency, and the minimum in any large district is said to be 45*s.*, or roughly eleven dollars, a week.

Hours of labor are shorter in coal mining than in a list of important trades indicated by the Royal Commission. They average for both skilled and unskilled labor working below ground 41¼ hours a week, as compared with 44¼ hours in the building trades, 46½ hours in public works and municipal employment, and 48 hours for motormen and conductors. In iron mining, the hours range from 48 to 49. Rates of pay, we understand, are figured for the time the mine worker is below ground, and not for the time he is actually at the working face, though this is not specifically stated in the memorandum before us.

One reason why trade-union leaders called off the general strike, and are as a body opposed to renewing the subsidy, is said to be that the miners are fighting for a better rate of pay and shorter hours than those prevailing in other industries. In other words, they are in a sense profiteering at the cost of their fellow unionists above ground. Against this is the argument that their work is dangerous, disagreeable, and unhealthy. Furthermore, many of the miners are convinced that the real profits of the industry are concealed under the present agency system, by which the same people who are nominally losing money on their mine investments receive liberal dividends as shareholders in the subsidiary companies which transport and resell coal to consumers.

Smokeless London!

It 's an ill wind that blows no good, and the Yankee tourist in London may have a better opportunity to see the city this year than ever before, or than he is likely to have for some seasons to come. England is burning to-day only one fifth the number of tons of coal a week that she ordinarily consumes, with a most cheering effect on the physical, if not mental, work of the ancient city on the Thames, which, to quote a pæan from the Tory *Morning Post*, reveals 'a new and unfamiliar beauty' in these radiant days: —

'It is as though the city, relieved of its habitual smoke-pall, had cast a garment and revealed its undraped loveliness to the gaze. From any high place in its central roar it is possible now to survey a rare and diversified panorama of that vast circuit of buildings which go to make up the Great

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Wen. The scene has the brilliance of an enamel. Every detail is clear-cut, and the dun monotone to which everything is usually subdued has now burst into bright color, like a bed of flowers.

'From Waterloo Bridge, looking east, is a prospect that the spectator would certainly write home about if he had traveled many miles abroad to see it. The bend of the river, crowned with the towering dome of St. Paul's, and flanked by the sweep of the Embankment buildings, makes a delightful picture, in which the high lights are provided by the bleached spires of churches, peering spectral-white against the blue of the sky. Every window is so distinct that there is the illusion of looking at the scene through a telescope.

'Even Cannon Street Station bulks impressively, and over the roof shows the top of the Monument, girded with its iron railings, almost to be counted severally, and crowned with its gilded orb; and the surface of the river is a sparkling mirror of the scene that frames it. Westward and southward is the same clarity, as of a vision.

'From a window in the Strand, the roof and towers of the Crystal Palace, seven miles away, show distinct as if they were just across the river — a sure portent, in other times, of approaching rain; and even the most familiar streets seem somehow transfigured out of likeness, so washed and garnished are they by the cleansed and cleansing air.

'The Londoner has a reputation for looking at his city with unseeing eyes. In these days he can hardly fail to be startled out of his apathy. Wherever he looks, he must realize that indeed he is the citizen of no mean city. And when his new interest is kindled, let him go to Parliament Hill, and look across that amazing and inexhaustible expanse of roofs and spires that stretches away to Sydenham, and that is so rarely unveiled; or to Primrose Hill, and note the sweep from Shooter's Hill to Chelsea; or to Richmond Hill, where just now he may see the majestic pile of Windsor Castle without the aid of the man with the telescope.'

Japan's Labor-Farmer Party

WHAT's in a name? Last December the Japanese Government suppressed the *Nomin-Rodo-To*, or Farmer-Labor Party, but three months later it permitted the organization of the *Rodo-Nomin-To*, or Labor-Farmer Party, which, under the present universal suffrage law, should theoretically enroll nine million voters. Apparently the partner in this organization under official suspicion is Labor, which has been divided almost since the origin of the movement into a radical and a moderate wing. In 1924 the Japanese General Federation of Labor decided to depart from its previous direct-action tactics and to resort to parliamentary methods of reform. The extremists, however, whose main strength is among factory workers, but who are gradually winning converts among the peasants, will have none of this. Both the General Federation of Labor, which represents the moderates, and the National Council of Trade-Unions, which represents the Communists, took part in the big textile strike last year, the failure of which left each body embittered against the other.

When the universal suffrage law was enacted, and it was decided to organize a new political party appealing particularly to the peasants and the wage-earners, the extremists for a time controlled the movement, and it was for that reason that the Government intervened. Thereupon the Peas-

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ants Union, which has not yet divided into a moderate and a Communist wing, as have the industrial workers, though a similar alignment is said to be taking place beneath the surface, associated itself with moderate Labor as represented by the General Federation; and the new and legitimatized Party, *Rodo-Nomin-To*, was formed. Rather significantly the conferences that carried out this project met at the Y. M. C. A. building in Osaka, the principal industrial city of Japan. The new body is said to have 180,000 registered members.

It may not be easy for the leaders of the new movement to drive their hyphenate organization in double harness, for the farmers want higher duties on rice, while the workingmen will hear nothing of a measure so likely to boost the cost of living. For the present, however, these divergencies of interest have been smoothed over, and the Party is united upon a platform demanding the repeal of laws limiting the rights of the workers, reduction of armaments, tax reform, an eight-hour day, and other liberal and social-welfare legislation of the kind advocated by progressive parties of the West. According to an interesting analysis of social stratification in Japan, as shown by family incomes, made recently by Professor Isoo Abe of Waseda University, the middle classes constitute only half as large a fraction of the entire population as they do in England, and therefore in all likelihood a powerful proletarian party will eventually assert its claim to a large voice in the Government.

'Europasians'

THIS is the name adopted by a group of Russians — some of whom still reside in their native land, but many of whom are in exile — who hold the view that the Russian people and their culture comprise both European and Asiatic elements, and that a clear recognition of this fact is essential for the liberation and reconstruction of their country. They are strong supporters of the Orthodox Church, believing that 'the religious principle is the only true foundation of civilization,' but they champion religious freedom and the separation of Church and State. They do not identify Western culture and Christian culture, claiming that 'Western culture, in its essence, has long ago renounced Christianity.' Possibly we have here a reflection of Tolstoi's influence.

Europasians dissent from the political doctrines and policies of non-Bolshevist Russians, as well as from those of the Communists, because they believe that the various programmes of the former are 'historically reactionary and seek to return to some form of the past, thus failing to recognize the enormous changes produced by the Revolution.' They believe that Russia can be saved from Communism only by its own people, who are residing within the country. They denounce the present régime as one of the worst forms of tyranny, but believe in the Soviet system of government, which they consider an indigenous institution that has sprung up spontaneously in response to the needs and the genius of the Russian people.

Minor Notes

RUSSIA'S commercial credit, of three hundred million marks for four years, to be used to purchase German manufactures, has been canceled. This was the advance which the German Government proposed to guarantee — it was rumored, with American backing. Berlin's motive was to relieve unemployment and tone up her depressed in-

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dustries by helping her Russian neighbors to buy her goods; but if we are to trust reports in the German press the industrialists of that country, either because they distrusted their Russian customers or because they were over-eager for gain, combined to exact exorbitant prices for their merchandise. These tactics, plus other obstacles and delays which the Russian buyers encountered in Germany, caused Rykov, the Soviet Commissar, to call off the whole deal.

THE Bulgarian Parliament lashed itself into a fury one pleasant day last June over an alleged project 'to make the country a British colony.' The ground for this suspicion was a contract entered into between the Government and a British company granting the latter a monopoly in curing bacon, to be exported for England's breakfast table. The concession was in fact rather far-reaching. The company was to be exempted from all taxes of every sort, disputes between it and the Bulgarian Government were to be referred to the International Court of Justice, and its suits with Bulgarian citizens were to be heard before the courts of London. Moreover, the concession included, besides the right to cure bacon and to prepare other pork products, a virtual monopoly of all cold-storage business in the kingdom.

THE International Federation of Trade-Unions held a conference in London last June to consider the general problem of immigration. Dominion representatives had nothing new to say. A delegate from the Jewish General Labor Union of Poland urged that immigration should be entirely free, restricted only by sanitary considerations. South American delegates pointed out that their continent contained four of the seven countries having a population of less than ten per square mile, and no immigration restrictions are likely to be enforced there.

'THE BIG PARADE'

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The British film, 'Livingstone,' was objected to in the United States because the great explorer was not an American.

— *Daily Express*, London

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A GOSPEL OF FIRMNESS AND VIGOR

BY JOSEPH CAILLAUX

[We print below a notable political speech delivered by Joseph Caillaux at Saint-Jean d'Assé a few days before he became Minister of Finance and Vice-Premier in the latest of M. Briand's Cabinets.]

The financial situation is grave — indeed, very grave. We can weather it, however, if we face it squarely without self-delusion.

First and foremost, we should see clearly that the financial crisis is the symptom of the disease from which our country is suffering, and not the disease itself. To treat this disease by mere fiscal remedies would be like an ignorant physician trying to reduce a patient's fever without attempting to discover its cause, without taking the trouble to ascertain the organ or organs affected.

Our fundamental malady, you see, is *laissez aller*, is letting things slide — in a word, is the self-centred indifference that has infected everybody more or less and that incapacitates us for the self-sacrifice and discipline I have so often preached.

Let each of us look into his own heart. Do we not all demand special privileges for our own little group, for those with whom we are associated by common interest, without much regard for the public welfare, without remembering that we have passed through a war? And in our private business are we not going forward in a sort of happy-go-lucky way, deluded by that strange and irrational psychology that refuses to look facts in the face when they do not flatter our desires? Will the farmers whom I see in my audience dispute the fact that their concern for the condition of the country is only half-hearted compared with the keen interest they take in getting a maximum price for their crops? They must admit that their fathers never in their wildest dreams imagined such profits as they are making. Why, then, economize? Why not spend freely? There will be plenty of money to lay aside at the end of the year — beautiful new bank notes, bank notes of 1926. But they never stop to ask themselves whether, if they were to lose a head or so of live stock, this money would replace it, the way the bank notes of 1914 would have done.

Do not the merchants I see before me likewise imagine that as long as business is as good as it is just now there is no reason to be as thrifty, as saving, as their fathers were? Your books show a prosperous balance, but how many of you have taken the pains to figure out just what that balance means in actual wealth? How many of you have asked yourselves honestly whether the depreciated money in your cash boxes would restock your stores? Many a business man in France is letting his property insensibly waste away without knowing it.

From the little retailer to the great wholesaler, everywhere we see the same unconsidered, uncalculating, happy-go-lucky spirit. What is the explanation of

[1]From *L'Ère Nouvelle* (Paris Radical daily), *June* 21

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this epidemic of self-deception? It is simply this: for more than ten years our Governments have fed the country on illusions.

It is only fair to say, in apology for our Cabinets, that the nation has accepted uncritically at face value every fallacious promise made to it, and to that extent it is the Governments' accomplice.

Illusions! What illusions! Oh, I shall not repeat the roll call: a short war, a war that would make everybody richer, Germany will pay the bill. . . . I admit that all that is ancient history, and that we must deal with the facts of the present, so I shall confine myself to puncturing the illusions we are hugging to-day.

The first of these is the idea that the depreciation of our currency is merely a temporary embarrassment; that by some legislative legerdemain, by balancing our budget, by manipulating government accounts, we can rectify the situation and restore the franc to its former value, or at least stabilize it. So people say it is not worth while getting excited; just a trifle more taxes and the thing is settled.

A superficial opinion, an oddly superficial opinion. Bossuet said aptly: 'Our proneness to believe that things are as we want them to be is the worst error of the human mind.'

Yes, to be sure, we ought to balance the budget. We have practically done so for the moment — not very brilliantly, I admit; but that problem in itself is not hopeless. The question of the Treasury is more complex; but that department of our Government is by no means in as desperate a case as it was last year. Yet suppose we do get our finances in order. That will solve only a part of the problem. Besides the business of the Government we must also consider the business of the nation.

I shall explain what I mean by using a metaphor that I have used before. A nation is a big commercial house — a gigantic firm, to get closer to facts — which sells, which buys, which has overhead expenses represented by its government budget, which ought to provide without difficulty for this overhead out of a minimum percentage of its profits and still have a net profit left over every year. Before the war France did make an annual profit. Everybody knows that. Then came a great disaster. We lost at least one third of our savings. We saw the greater part of the huge sums that we supposed we had conservatively invested abroad vanish. Forty-five billion gold francs, at the least, was the amount we had loaned to more or less undeveloped countries who had applied to us for capital. From these investments we received two or three billion gold francs a year as interest, which has almost completely disappeared. That sum, therefore, must be written off our annual income.

What was to be done about it? What have you done about it so far? How have we made up that loss? We borrowed — borrowed right and left — from 1919 to 1924. If it did n't seem a trifle flippant, I should say that we pawned our victory for spending money. In that way we managed to hide our deficits and to keep up an appearance of prosperity, if not of opulence.

But those fine days are over. People will lend money to a business man embarrassed by a misfortune for which he is not to blame when they see him making an honest effort to get on his feet again. But they won't lend money to a merchant who lets things slide, or who seems to make no effort to recover his old standing.

What shall we do, then, to reëstablish the credit that we so imperatively need? The answer is simple. We must work harder than we did before the

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war, and we must spend less. Have we been doing that? I put that question to you, but I do not ask you to answer it.

Is our situation, then, hopeless? Nothing of the kind. France is too proud a nation. She has given in the past, and only yesterday during four years of life and death struggle, such abundant evidence of her soundness and vigor that there is no doubt of her ultimate future. She will deal with her present dangers as soon as she realizes what they are — as soon as she addresses herself resolutely to the task. But she must exert herself.

This task is a double one. We must work harder. I mean we must produce more. You will ask how. By using our land to better advantage we can get much larger crops than we do at present, as our agricultural experts have abundantly proved. Above all, we must make our colonial empire yield us a revenue. On the other hand, we must also consume less, buy fewer imported goods. A policy of restriction will be imposed. If we do not adopt it voluntarily, it will be forced upon us. The rise of prices that inevitably accompanies a fall of the currency will force every man to ration himself. It will make the nation expiate its illusions. We always pay the price for our follies here below, in politics as well as in ordinary life.

I hear someone object: That is a long and a slow remedy. I agree. We cannot increase our production and restrict our consumption sufficiently between one day and the next to balance our national income and outgo overnight. Well, then, is n't there something that we can do meanwhile? Are we to stand apathetically with idle hands while the value of the franc slowly dwindles to a vanishing point? Are we ready to follow the same course as Germany, where the value of the mark fell almost to zero, and where the new monetary edifice was constructed on the ruins of the ancient currency? Is n't there some way by which we, a victorious nation, can escape the fate of the vanquished?

I am tempted to observe that history records that military conquerors perish from financial maladies as often as, and sometimes more surely than, the conquered; but I do not wish to affect a pessimism that I do not feel in my heart. We can save the situation. How? By what measures?

I shall not pause to discuss the urgent need of revising our tax laws in the direction of moderation — without, of course, showing any indulgence to tax evaders. Neither shall I dwell upon the necessity of reducing our Treasury operations. I suppose that these things are already practically accomplished. But let me repeat what I have often said before — that, while these reforms are essential, they do not go to the bottom of the question.

The bottom of the question is the restoration of the currency. There is only one way to do this — to stabilize the franc. That cannot be done overnight, but it should be done at the earliest possible date. Somebody will be sure to ask: How can we stabilize the franc when it is tumbling as it is today? The only answer is: Do you prefer to wait until the pound sterling has risen I don't know how many points above its present figure? Bear in mind that a depreciated currency will not respond to any treatment that does not probe to the very seat of the ill. Don't you know, also, that the public loses its head sometimes when the money keeps going down indefinitely?

I hear someone else raise the more serious objection that stabilization is a very delicate operation, in fact a dangerous one, as the example of our Belgian neighbors shows; because, should it prove not to be based on a

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sound financial situation, it will break down under the strain of economic forces the moment people discover that it is merely a legislative trick that does not correspond to the financial facts. We must have foreign credits, renewed and extended long enough to ensure the permanence of stabilization.

We must first understand thoroughly the needs of the situation. Consequently nothing can be accomplished without preliminary study, carefully thought out preparation, and the coöperation of all citizens without regard to class or party, and, last of all, without the support of other nations. Is it impossible to have these things? Does not every Frenchman see — ought not every European to see — that there is no way by which the people of our ancient continent can escape from the after effects of their great disaster except by getting together, by standing shoulder to shoulder, by accomplishing in business and in finance what they are trying to accomplish in politics?

Furthermore, is n't there good reason to believe that the capital of more fortunate countries — I need not name them — will come to our assistance, without imposing on us insupportable vassalage, as soon as we give tangible evidence of our determination to put the nation's business back on a going basis. I hardly need return to my metaphor of the business firm and its creditors.

But how can we show our determination to get back on a sound business basis? How can we convince other people of it? By self-discipline, by trusting the Government, by helping the credit operations that it must undertake better than we did last year. I add also, by every one of us, in his particular field of service, doing the utmost in his power to increase production and to reduce expenses.

And what should the rest of us, we members of Parliament, be doing? We should reform completely our past practices. We should rally shoulder to shoulder, without reservation, to the support of the measures that the Government may take to-morrow or the day after to-morrow, subject only to the qualification that these measures represent a positive programme, well thought out and accommodated to the facts. We should also demand that the Government keep a firm hand on our financiers. It is intolerable that feudal overlords, States within the State, should presume to dictate policies to the nation, to impose their will upon the representatives of the people.

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CANADA, AND JONATHAN, AND JOHN

BY R. S. SOMERVILLE AND RICHARD DE BRISAY

[THE first of the following articles appeared in the June issue of the *Empire Review;* the second, by the editor of the *Canadian Forum*, in the London *Spectator* of June 19.]

1. CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

Is Canada becoming Americanized to a degree inimical to the Imperial tie? Is Uncle Sam carrying the old German policy of peaceful penetration to lengths that threaten Empire solidarity?

These questions are being asked with much frequency, not only by observant visitors to the Dominion, but by native-born, and they are being discussed in the Canadian press. There is much to be said for the affirmative if one takes a merely superficial view, but a casual observer might easily make the mistake of exaggerating the apparent trend toward separation from the motherland.

In many ways, Canada is not so fortunate topographically as her big neighbor. Her boundaries are far-flung: her territories stretch into the ice-covered vastnesses of the Arctic region, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Her populated area is extremely long and extremely narrow. Her climate does not produce tropical or semitropical fruits. But the Dominion is richer in timber, minerals, fisheries, and furs. She is split into three distinct sections, with huge, unproductive areas between. The eastern and older portion includes the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, and Ontario; the central portion takes in the three Prairie Provinces; and the western portion embraces British Columbia and the Yukon Territory. The first two groups are divided by an immense stretch of unsettled and unproductive country north of Lakes Huron and Superior, while the Rocky and Selkirk mountain ranges separate the Prairie Provinces from British Columbia.

Nature established the Dominion alongside the United States, and man has emphasized the contiguity by settling as closely to the international border as possible. Almost the entire settled area of the Dominion is stretched less than two hundred miles from the border. From the standpoint of mileage, it is cheaper for Vancouver to trade with Seattle in the State of Washington than with Calgary in Alberta. Regina and Winnipeg are closer to St. Paul and Chicago than to Toronto and Montreal. Similarly, the natural market for Nova Scotia is Boston, Massachusetts.

To try to overcome this geographical handicap and to make Canada's trade flow east and west, and not north and south, was the motive behind the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway — part of the price paid for effecting a loosely jointed Confederation in 1867. It was the policy behind the construction of the two later transcontinental systems which are to-day burdening the country with debt, and it was the directing force which offered the trade preference to Great Britain in 1897.

The steady exodus of young Cana-

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dians to the United States is not due to decline in patriotic sentiment, but to discouragement over their personal situations. Greater prosperity and a wider and more stable demand for labor offer a lure hard to resist when times are not good at home. The Republic is highly industrialized and offers many lucrative positions to educated Canadians. It is almost impossible to say how many Canadians have crossed the border to reside, but a reasonable estimate places the number in the past half-century at two millions. According to Washington statistics, prepared by the Department of Labor, 436,862 Canadians entered the country during the past four years, the period of greatest exodus.

From the standpoint of propinquity, Canada is bound to be influenced greatly, both economically and intellectually, by her geographical position. Nature made the United States her logical, if not inevitable, trading centre. This, and the use of the same tongue, paves the way for the constant exchange of commodities and ideas. The wonder is that an imaginary boundary line of about four thousand miles has proved so water-tight all these years. Differing national temperaments and tariff barriers have strengthened it.

Geography is also responsible for the Dominion being deluged with United States newspapers, magazines, trade periodicals, books, and other intellectual fare. It is estimated that seven million dollars is paid out by Canadians every year for American magazines alone. Even the press dispatches often appear in Canadian newspapers as they are colored for purely Yankee consumption, although there has been a marked improvement in this direction since the inauguration of the Canadian Press Service. The comic strips, the full-page illustrations dealing with sex problems and domestic triangles, the silly daily fiction stories, and even the crossword puzzles, are all of American manufacture.

Ninety-nine of every hundred theatrical attractions seen in Canada are American in personnel and sentiment. Practically only 'made in the United States' films are shown. Now the development of the radio has brought down on Canada a further deluge of Americanism in the form of jazz programmes and grandiose postprandial oratory of the Independence Day type. Almost all of the moving picture theatres north of the border are either owned or controlled by Israelitish groups in New York who are also supreme in the production end at Hollywood. The same coteries dominate the vaudeville and legitimate fields as well. Experience has shown that it is difficult for a British film, no matter how excellent, to secure bookings in the Dominion. Most of the houses are not available for any picture not bearing the trade-mark of the above-mentioned trust. The result is that Canadian public taste has become saturated with American ideas. Young Canada is being flooded with scenes and incidents designed to swell the expansive chest of Uncle Sam. Canadians who patronize the 'movies' have to submit to seeing their country depicted all over the world as a land of ice and snow, of gunmen, cattle thieves, whiskey runners, Indians, and a species of Royal Mounted Police removed as far as possible from the real specimen. They have also become accustomed to the British aristocrat being branded as a card sharper or a fortune hunter, with a mental equipment which contrasts strongly with the intellectual brilliance of the great American hero. Truly, it is a weird mental pabulum for a proud but helpless people!

There are many cross-currents in

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Canadian public opinion, due, in part, to its vast extent and to general dissatisfaction over economic conditions, but there is not yet any concerted demand for severance from the Empire. The great bulk of population is opposed to that step. The alternatives are annexation to the United States or complete independence. The latter is not a serious proposition, from the standpoint of defense alone. It would simply mean a speedy passing under the ægis of the Monroe Doctrine, and dependence for security against hostile attacks from the Orient or elsewhere on Uncle Sam. Even the most perfervid opponent of anything savoring of 'Downing Street domination' is not keen for the Dominion to be relegated to the secondary position of Mexico or a Central-American republic, and that is what so-called independence would inevitably lead to.

There is some talk of annexation, but that is not a novel phenomenon in Canadian experience. It is recurrent, like the smallpox, and it always crops up during a period of trade depression and high taxation. Many thinking Canadians, sincerely appalled by the growing national debt, fear it is too big a burden for a population of nine millions to carry, and see but one easy way out. Others envy the unparalleled prosperity of the United States, the reduction of taxation which is being carried out there, and believe there is only one way to scale the high American tariff wall against Canadian goods.

There are other Canadians who, without either openly or secretly desiring annexation or total independence, crave for a more vigorous expression of nationhood. This is the class that applauds the separate negotiation and approval of treaties and separate representation at Geneva, and upholds Canada's right to refuse to participate in an Empire war.

On the other hand, the descendants of the original British pioneers are almost a unit for the maintenance of close connection with the motherland, and with them may be grouped the French Canadians, who do not take readily to radical changes, and who cherish the very liberal rights granted them at the time of the conquest. The thousands of Canadian families actively connected with the Great War not only feel closer to the motherland because of that experience, but are resentful of the record of the United States during the conflict and since.

Naturally, there is much grafting of American ideas on to Canadian thought. Canadians are gradually losing their inherited British reticence and dignity. They are learning to copy the Americans in their love for the spectacular, the donning of bizarre uniforms on special occasions, their unrestrained joy in gaudy parades, and their craze for organizations. Canadians have caught the passion for professional baseball, they applaud American actors, ride in American automobiles, idolize American 'movie queens,' and, under the compulsion of courtesy, witness unprotestingly the American flag being carried through Canadian cities on every conceivable occasion. The nation that annexed the word 'America' for its very own is nothing if not aggressive.

But, after all, these things are of external texture. They are not soul essentials. Love and admiration for the motherland are inbred deeply, and are not to be cast out lightly. If a plebiscite were taken, it appears certain that Canadians would vote overwhelmingly in favor of remaining a partner in the greatest group of sister nations the world has ever seen. It is a restless and changing era we live in, but love founded on esteem endures.

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II. CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

To one who contemplates England with the detachment afforded by residence in another country, two things appear to be wrong with her. Both of these troubles are serious, and in the opinion of the writer they can be cured only by radical measures which may not at first sight commend themselves to Englishmen.

England's great industrial development in the past century was largely due to two natural advantages, her coal and her geographical position, which combined to make her the workshop of the world. The coal age is now ending, and England's geographical position has changed. During the nineteenth century she was at the centre of the world, but with the development of the United States and the progressive industrialization of Japan and China the centre of the world has shifted to North America. It seems, then, that the fortunes of the English people depend on their ability to adapt themselves to these new conditions which a changing world has thrust upon them.

As regards coal, the fundamental cause of the present disorder in the industry itself is that there is not a market for all the coal which the miners can produce. The new schemes under consideration for turning coal into power at the mine and for increasing the efficiency of the industry as a whole are excellent in themselves, but they will not overcome the primary difficulty, which is that the industry is overmanned. At maximum efficiency there is now only work in the coal industry for two thirds of the men who depend upon it for a livelihood. It is difficult, therefore, to see how any of the palliatives suggested can be efficacious, since the industrial trend toward labor economy is definite and inexorable. And yet labor in England wields sufficient power to prevent labor-saving devices being properly exploited, while the increasing general utilization of oil and hydroelectric power will cause the foreign demand for English coal to diminish in the future rather than increase. Similar causes are responsible for the depressed condition of some of England's other great industries, whose world trade was founded on their abundant supply of cheap coal in an age when coal was paramount, and which cannot therefore be expected to regain and hold their former supremacy, whatever international agreements are made to standardize labor conditions and increase world markets.

As regards England's new and less fortunate geographical position, this is the more serious trouble of the two. It is irreparable. Taken in conjunction with the decline of coal, it means that even if England ultimately solved her domestic problems she would have to stabilize her birth rate and settle down to the position of a small, highly industrialized, and moderately prosperous nation — a second-rate Power in the new world that is coming, and in which Russia, America, and China would then be the 'Big Three.' But that would mean an ignoble surrender to circumstance, and, since the natural fecundity of the English is still strong, it would seem a pity that it should be partially sterilized and wasted if, after all, there is any alternative.

What is to be done? Clearly, since the centre of the world is now the North American continent, and since that continent is rich in natural resources and in the hydroelectric power that is superseding coal, the solution of England's dual problem is to be found in the shifting of her people to North America, — that is, Canada, — where they will be once more at the centre of things and properly equipped to make the most of it. This idea is only an enlargement of the vision of many of

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England's statesmen who have sponsored schemes for the development of the Commonwealth; but when the comparatively meagre results of those schemes are considered it is clear that the movement suggested could not be entrusted to Dominion immigration authorities, assisted by sporadic bursts of Imperial enthusiasm on the part of English cabinet ministers; it would have to be handled by a permanent organization including representatives of the Canadian and English Governments, the great industries, the trade-unions, the agriculturists, and the transportation companies — a sort of Super-Board of Migration which would have the power to coördinate all the various interests and forces involved and give the necessary push and direction to the whole movement.

A commission of inquiry, composed of representatives of the above-mentioned interests, might first be formed to determine what industries could be transferred to Canada, and what labor could be absorbed by Canada's natural industries if their development were assisted by English coöperation. The Dominion has several large industries which are at present competing with English rivals, such as the steel industry of Nova Scotia and the woolen and textile industries which have developed in Ontario and Quebec, and the first step would necessarily be the amalgamation of these industries with their English competitors with a view to expediting the transfer of as much as possible of the English industry in those fields to Canada.

Consider the industrial opportunities which Canada presents. In Nova Scotia is to be found the same combination of coal and iron which exists in England, and which will probably be essential to the production of steel for some time to come. The two great industrial provinces of Ontario and Quebec, with their abundant water power and free access to the sea, offer opportunities for the expansion of the woolen and textile industries which it is unnecessary to dwell upon; while the northern areas of these two provinces, recognized now as the richest mineral district in the world, can furnish the raw materials for the development of a hundred industries as yet in their infancy. The western provinces are rich in oil, Alberta has coal deposits conservatively estimated at over six hundred thousand million tons, British Columbia has practically unlimited resources of the finest timber, and the fishing grounds of the Dominion are richer and more extensive than any others on the globe. Hydroelectric power is available throughout the country, the recorded resources being officially estimated as permitting a turbine installation of forty-one million horsepower.

The Prairie Provinces, as yet sparsely populated, but already the greatest food-producing area on the continent, would absorb all the agricultural settlers which the combined efforts of the two Governments could transfer to their soil. Mr. Lloyd George is at present sponsoring a 'back to the land' movement in England, but does any large number of the English people believe that it will accomplish any more than similar attempts have done in the past? It has never been possible to get people to go 'back' to the land; on the other hand, it has always been easy to persuade them to go to a new land.

It may be argued that an organized migration of England's people to Canada might result only in a division of the race that would be a fatal weakness, since there would be three thousand miles of sea water between the two communities. But industrially (that is, as regards freights) Ontario is as near to

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England as Nebraska is to New York; and with the development of air transport it will soon be little farther physically. Even considered from the military point of view, would not this disposition of the English people be more advantageous than the present one? For here again the change that has come with time has been fundamental. England's greatness as a fighting power was founded on her maritime position, which naturally made her the great sea Power of the world; but the isolation which for so long was her strength is now her weakness, and it is clear that in the future sea power will mean less in the event of war. If the world's peoples permit another great war to occur, England would be safer if she were not the heart of the Commonwealth, and the North American continent would be a better stronghold for the race than an island off the shores of Europe.

Our future relations with the United States remain to be considered. If Canada remains underdeveloped and numerically a small nation, the question of annexation may well become a real one in time. But with an English population of the size that we are contemplating, Canada could regard with equanimity the possibilities of geography making history; while the 'two great English-speaking democracies' would be in a better position than they now are to coöperate for the benefit of each other and of the world.

In the new industrial era that has opened with the entrance of the great Asian nations into the society of active producing and consuming countries, Canada, with her gates opening on the Atlantic and the Pacific, occupies that central position between the old world and the new which England held between Europe and America. She offers the space and the wealth essential to the continued growth of the race. If she can be made the great English country of the future, the English people will hold their own with those of the United States, China, and Russia. All that is needed is the transfer of twenty-five millions of England's population to Canada in the next half-century. It would be one of the great migrations of the world's history, something on an unprecedentedly intensive scale. But facilities for such a migration are available which were nonexistent when the other great treks of the world's peoples were made. If we do not take advantage of them and make them serve our need, we shall have proved ourselves the slaves and not the masters of the colossal industrial fabric in which we glory.

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WHILE THE PITS ARE IDLE[1]

BY ANDRÉE VIOLLIS

THE miners' strike drags on. Coal, England's black blood, pulsates but feebly in her veins. Trains are annulled daily; street lights grow paler; factories are closing; the very life of this land of giant industry seems to ebb. Nearly one million men are idle, and their wives and children are hungry. And the sympathy of most English people goes out to them, these victims of a tragic dispute.

I wanted to see the mines and the miners; therefore, while the representatives of the owners and the workers were sulking in London, I took a train for Wales. It was a quiet train that jerked me slowly toward Cardiff, the great coal port, across a country clothed in rich green and dotted here and there by white hawthorn hedges in full bloom.

Cardiff is a rich and sturdy town, whose asphalt-paved streets cut through its massed houses of stone and brick as a knife cuts through a cake. In its very midst is a huge red-brick castle, surrounded by acres and acres of green lawn. It belongs to one of the great coal barons, the Marquis of Bute. That noble gentleman rarely resides in it, for he owns estates in all parts of the world; but notwithstanding the constant growth of the city and the petitioning of several successive City Councils, he has refused to sell for public use a particle of this vast private park, which is worth many millions. 'It 's the only place in Cardiff where my daughter can ride horseback,' he protests.

But this castle is not the only notable sight. Along an esplanade, handsomely laid out with clumps of trees and bright flower beds, stand imposing modern buildings — the law courts, the Town Hall, a museum, a university. Roomy, brightly varnished tramcars glide through the streets; luxurious automobiles file here and there. The shops look trim and prosperous. The people strolling past them are well dressed. All this opulence comes from coal, from the black diamonds — and ultimately from the miner's pick.

You will not discover that the country is in the throes of a bitter industrial conflict until you go down to the dock district, where a great solitude of wharves lies enclosed in the black belt of the town — a sombre forest of lofty chimneys, towers, platforms, trucks, and gaunt cranes hung with chains and steel cables.

Along the streets leading to the docks, and in front of their barred gates, I see great throngs of sallow-faced, gloomy-looking men, wearing yellowish, ragged clothes, immobile, silent. Towering head and shoulders above them are two huge policemen wearing white gloves and long white blouses over their uniforms, who regulate the traffic with gestures like those of a semaphore. They are the only busy people in these serried ranks of sad-eyed men.

In little alleys of shabby houses Chinese glide silently here and there,

[1] From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *June* 12

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or lean against the wall in front of restaurants under signs of big golden letters on a background of bright red. Monkey-faced Negroes, slouching their shoulders, emerge from a Norwegian bar, whose fair-haired barmaids are visible through the half-open door. Street Arabs grimace at a red and green parrot dancing with rage in the window of a Portuguese shop which sells cordage and sailors' boots. In dark doorways sit olive-faced women with dark, dirty shawls wrapped around their shoulders. And everybody is waiting and doing nothing.

I call at a branch of the Transport Union, which has its offices in a little green-fronted building, and inquire: 'Have n't the dockers gone back to work yet?'

'Well, yes, in theory. But their work is loading coal, and there is no coal to load.'

I understand. This big port stands paralyzed. 'But what do the dockers live on?'

'The dole,' is the laconic reply.

So the burden falls on the shoulders of the Government.

In the offices of the big coal companies, however, everyone is busy — at least up to the present. Particularly in the largest of them, which has its quarters in a magnificent pseudo-Gothic building, there is feverish activity, mingled with an air of nervousness. People are constantly going and coming; typewriters are rattling; telephones are ringing.

'You see, we have charge of the coal rationing,' said the general secretary, a young man in a yellow suit and with gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose. 'We are not exporting anything. Our whole stock is reserved for domestic consumption, and rationing has begun. No family can get more than one hundred and twelve pounds of coal a week. We are furnishing the bakeries first, and the hospitals and schools. Next come the industries according to their importance, and we have to examine every case. Many manufacturers, moreover, were farsighted enough to lay in a stock in advance. The gas works and the electric power house, for example, have a three months' supply. No, there is nothing to worry about just yet.'

'But in the future?'

An odd look of embarrassment flitted across the young man's face. He lowered his head, fumbled among his papers, and finally said: 'To be honest, I think the coal business is in a bad way.'

'Well then, the Government's recommendations?'

He laughed drily, and answered: 'We 'd have to understand what they are first, and we 're left in the dark. But we can't under any circumstances agree to their buying up the royalties, nor to the amalgamation of the little mines or those that are working at a loss. That would be disguised confiscation, don't you see? We need n't waste any time with that. In order to get back on a solid basis, you see, the miners have got to agree to work eight hours. That 's fundamental. With the six or seven hours we have at present, deducting the time for getting to their place of work and getting back again, we have only five hours and forty minutes of effective labor. Some of us would be disposed to ask only a ten-per-cent cut in their wages if they would agree to the longer day.'

'Will you manage to convince them?'

'I believe we could if they 'd have a secret ballot. The moderate elements among the miners want to get back to work. They 've wanted that worse than ever since the general strike broke down. They say they 've been betrayed. You hear them growling: "No more of this damned unionism for me.

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Sixpence a week, and then they go back on you!" But there are extremists among them who are more active than ever. It 's the leaders who won't listen to reason.'

'Then?'

'We 'll just wait.' And with a slight touch of irritation he added: 'They can't expect us to mine coal at a loss.'

A Frenchman who has lived in Cardiff for several years, and whose temperament and business both entitle him to speak with impartiality and authority, said to me a few minutes later: 'It 's a mixed situation. Many of the miners, who are very conservative as a rule, are being pushed on by their leaders. Others are demoralized and exaggerate their grievances. But they have the facts on their side. For example, anyone can see that the low price paid for coal at the pit heads, for several years past, is not enough to provide a living wage and pay dividends to the shareholders. But this same coal is turned over to subsidiary agencies which sell it to vessels at a very much higher price. And who are the shareholders in these agencies? The very men who own the mines, and who complain that they can't make money. So they get out of it with a good profit nevertheless. A manager of one of these agencies makes fifty thousand pounds sterling a year. Many of them have accumulated enormous private fortunes. I won't mention them by name, but some have an income of as much as ten thousand pounds sterling a week, every penny of it from coal. And the public knows it. You see the effect.

'Then there is another factor, which was emphasized in the Coal Commission's Report. I mean the antiquated equipment and organization of the mines, which the companies made no effort to improve during the period of unexampled prosperity that followed the war. Besides, there are everywhere the really miserable conditions under which the miners live and work. Come along, and I 'll show you how they live.'

First of all, let me tell you how surprised I was. If we were to have a strike like this in France, a vital conflict where hundreds of thousands of miners laid down the pick, and where men, women, and children actually went hungry, we should have the red flag flying everywhere, and marching troops, and bloody street fights. Here there is nothing of the kind. For more than a month there has not been an act of violence or a disorderly meeting. The only transgression I was able to learn of was that packages of the strikers' newspaper had been secretly smuggled around the country in milk cans.

When I asked one of the strike leaders at Aberdare whether the miners would let me be present at one of their meetings, he said: 'We don't have any meetings. That would only excite the men. We want to keep the struggle exclusively industrial.'

But if the people are calm, they are also unutterably sad. The whole country is sad, in fact. A few kilometres outside of Cardiff the black lands begin. Everything is black — the River Taf, whose tarry waters roll on through a coal-black channel; the trees, which have lost their bright spring hue; the hawthorns, whose blossoms have turned ash gray. Huge, sombre-flanked mountains rise on either hand, perforated with galleries from which coal normally pours forth until it fills the narrow valleys. In every little mountain nook and village are monotonous rows of cottages, fifteen or twenty in a continuous line, like soldiers or the prisoners in a chain gang. Each of these is flanked by a little yard about as large as a good-sized handkerchief, which rarely contains anything

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but stones and dingy drying linen. Surrounding these villages are nothing but waste land and heaps of shale as high as good-sized hills, where tiny children grub about trying to find some fragment of coal for fuel. And just beyond stand wooden towers painted black and surmounted by iron wheels, and tall chimneys which even during the strike never cease to pour forth a cloud of greasy yellow smoke.

Even sadder are the long streets of empty shops at Treforest, Abercynon, Pentrebach, and Pontypridd, where I saw thousands of miners, their strong arms hanging idle, standing on the pavements without speaking, and never smiling. Laughter is dead in Wales. Only a few of the men were smoking pipes. In their coarse, yellowish clothing, with their caps pulled down over their eyes, woolen scarfs around their throats, their pale faces oddly tattooed with bright blue scars where they had been cut by flying coal, they stood waiting patiently in a breeze so raw that it brought tears to their eyes, only half-accustomed to the light. They waited — for what?

I inquired for the president of the miners' union, at Merthyr, which is one of the poorer districts in this neighborhood, whom I had met at London and who had promised to take me down in a mine. He was not at home. But his assistants at the miners' headquarters received me with grave cordiality. 'What? You are interested in our troubles 'way over in France!' They seemed surprised and gratified.

Seated around a wooden table, while some of the old miners stood around listening with touching seriousness, without any declamation, without expressing anger or bitterness, the union leaders told me how their people felt. I shall simply report their words: —

'We did n't want this strike. God knows we want to get back to work, for our people are suffering bitterly. It was the mine owners who declared a lockout. Our wages, which average only about three pounds a week, are no more, we assure you, than is needed to support a family. We really think we ought to have more, because the cost of living is steadily going up, and wages have risen in most other trades. Instead of that, they want to cut down our pay and to put us back on the scale we had before the war. Think it over for yourself — is that possible?'

'But the owners are losing money, and the Government is obliged to make up the difference with a subsidy.'

'To that we answer: The losses are due to bad management. The mines are not properly equipped. They are worse equipped than most mines anywhere else in the world. We have n't enough wood for the galleries or enough trucks to get out our coal. There is no effort made to utilize the by-products of our coal. They have no belting machines to clean and classify the coal. They have practically no coal-cutting machines, which would enable a man to get out two or three times as much coal a day as he can at present.'

'How do you explain this backwardness?'

'Because our mines are too small or too antiquated. They can't compete with the big companies and with mines in other parts of the world. So we argue that they should be amalgamated or nationalized, whichever you want, in order that they may be able to make themselves up to date. Just one example. Pumping is a big item in mine expense. Now one pumping station could keep all the mines in this district dry. Last of all, and chief of all, we should get rid of the middlemen. Our coal passes through five hands between the producer and the consumer, and each one of them, without rendering any really necessary service, takes a

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share of the profit that ought to go to the producers.'

The old miners nodded their heads gravely in approval.

'But,' I said, 'the proprietors say that if you would work eight hours —'

For the first time one of the speakers interrupted me with emphasis: 'Work eight hours to increase unemployment? Do you know that before the strike we already had fifty-six thousand unemployed in Wales, most of whom were miners? Is n't it absurd to give a man who has a wife and three children twenty-nine shillings a week to sit with his arms folded, when the same money wisely expended might provide work for everybody by modernizing the mines and enabling them to compete in the world market? That is common sense. Every man of us agrees with our delegate, Cook: "Not a penny off the pay; not a minute on the day." For, if the mines are properly managed, they can pay.'

Good-naturedly winking one eye, another of the miners' representatives said: 'When you 've gone down a mine you 'll see that seven hours a day there is enough to make any man happy.'

We then went to one of the monotonous little cottages, most of which have only two rooms. A single sleeping room, sometimes for six people — father, mother, and children! And what a room! Tiny little windows, dirty walls, broken floors. When a miner wants to clean up, after he gets back from work, he practically has to turn his family out of doors.

'The companies are n't willing to make any repairs,' said my companion; 'and taxes are very heavy. For my house of six rooms I pay twenty pounds a year.' He then proceeded to tell me of some of his troubles, for he was one of the overseers of the poor.

'Nearly seven thousand miners are unemployed or striking in our little district. Our union has exhausted its funds, but we have to help them in some way. We have spent fifty-eight thousand pounds on our hospital and are badly in debt, so the banks are n't willing to lend money to our community. Whatever money we 've been able to get we 've used to support soup kitchens. That 's why we 've taken the money from Russia. But what are we going to do if this keeps on? People are already going hungry here. You know what Merthyr means in Welsh? Martyr.'

The slight burr and the slow guttural accents of my companion's speech added to the tragedy of his words.

Every few steps we stopped to shake hands with somebody. In spite of the general gloom, they all had a pleasant word for us. One burly miner said with a laugh: 'I 'd have jolly well liked to have brought back a French wife with me after the war, but your girls did n't like my style.'

A Wesleyan preacher, wearing a low flattish hat and big round glasses, grasped both my hands: 'Thank you for coming to see my dear fellows. They 're worth it.'

One little cottage looked more cheerful than the others. It had a tiny bit of grass in front, and, marvel of marvels! a bed of pansies. In her tidy little kitchen my guide's wife, Mrs. Davies, met me with a smile. Was she surprised or put out by so unusual a visitor? Not in the least. Standing in front of her husband, with her hands on her hips, she simply exclaimed: 'And you never sent me notice somebody 's coming! Ah, you men!' And shrugging her shoulders, she vanished. Only for an instant, however, when she invited us in to a table with a spotless white cloth, a plate of stew, and a cup of tea.

At the pit head I was given a complete uniform — a pair of tall black

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boots, a waterproof blouse buttoning up to my neck, and a felt hat that came down over my ears. All of the mine owners are not hostile to the miners, and here my companion and I were given a cordial reception. In fact, the assistant manager, Mr. Jones, volunteered personally to show us around the mine. He was an energetic little man in a sailor's cap, whose bright eyes and white teeth fairly sparkled in his coal-blackened countenance.

We climbed up to a little platform, which was as black as inferno. Above us invisible machinery grumbled and groaned. To one side a gigantic wheel was turning, alternately lifting and thrusting down the long arm that moved the pumps. Equipped with little lamps, we entered a black, slippery cage.

'Don't be afraid,' someone said. A big black hole seemed to inhale us, during our dizzy descent, while the minutes seemed as long as hours. Finally we stopped, a thousand feet below the surface. My ears roared, my eyes smarted, and, quite contrary to my expectation, I was chilled by an icy breeze. Ordinarily six hundred miners get out of the cage here every morning at seven o'clock, each with his little pail of tea and piece of bread. Here they separate, going down narrow, interminable, steeply sloping tunnels, stumbling over rails and chains, crowding into side niches to avoid passing coal trucks, receiving douches of cold water down their necks, and dodging falling stones, often of large size, that are constantly detaching themselves from the roof above.

'My first day in the mine, when I was fourteen years old,' said my companion, 'a man was crushed immediately in front of me. I turned around and ran back to the cage like a crazy rabbit.'

When we left the cage I was chilly, but as we advanced down the gallery we kept getting lower and opening and shutting doors, and the galleries themselves grew narrower and lower. The air became thin, with a heavy tarlike odor. We had to bend half over to avoid hitting the roof. Soon I was panting like a fish out of water, and I saw the perspiration tracing pale streaks down the coal-black faces of my companions. It was a walk of two or three miles to the coal veins. As we painfully made our way forward my companions explained to me how the trams were manœuvred, how the timbering was put up, and, when we finally did reach the glistening face, how the coal was undercut with a pick. I cut out my little piece of coal just to qualify as a miner.

In certain veins you can sit up, but this one is only thirty-two inches high, and the miner has to work lying on his back in the mud — for six hours steady in the noise and the dust.

'Ah, if you could see some of the mines in Rhondda Valley, where you 're pinched like a mouse in a trap and it 's so hot that the perspiration fairly pours off of you.'

Nevertheless, I could see that these men loved their rude trade. How affectionately they spoke of it! How proudly they pointed out a fine piece of timbering or a well-arched gallery! They patted the smooth blocks of coal as affectionately as a peasant pats his cow. 'You have n't got it like that in France, eh? The best coal in the world.' For a moment my companions had forgotten all about the poor mine equipment — and, in fact, this is one of the best run mines in the district. As for the dangers, they scorned them. Nevertheless, they will admit that on an average twelve hundred people are killed in the British coal mines every year, without counting the big catastrophies.

I noticed also that my two mine-

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leader companions were vigilantly observant every moment. There had not been a single act of sabotage. The pumps were working; the mine was ready to start to-morrow. I saw a few horses still down below — plump, shiny animals with little black mice scampering around their feet. When we were going up, Mr. Jones said: 'But you ought to have seen the others when we took them on top. They rolled in the grass with their forefeet in the air as if they had gone crazy.'

And I could understand it. I had been down three hours, but it seemed three centuries.

On our return, saturated with perspiration, the cold breeze chilled us to the bone. I thought to myself how the miners had to trudge back home in the winter, often some distance, in their dirty, wet garments. For these mines have no baths or drying rooms, such as are provided in America and Germany and in most of the mines in France. Is it surprising, then, that so many of these miners are old and out of the running at fifty?

THOU THAT KILLEST THE PROPHETS. III[1]

BY ROBERT DE TRAZ

SOLOMON. Among the Bible stories, which always combine so intimately grace and pathos, none is more appealing than that of Solomon. Ascending the throne while still a youth, he asked of God, who appeared to him in a dream, not power, not wisdom, not the death of his enemies, but 'an understanding heart to judge thy people.' And God gave him not only that, but in addition the death of his enemies, wisdom, and the power for which he had not asked. He reigned over all the kingdoms between the Euphrates and the frontier of Egypt; he sent forth caravans to Tyre and to Arabia. His fleets visited the coast of Spain and journeyed even to the Indias. His coffers of cedar overflowed with gold, his drinking cups 'and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold.' 'And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones.' He built the Temple, upon which he employed thirty thousand workmen for seven years, besides seventy thousand carriers of burdens and eighty thousand hewers of stone. Thirteen years more were devoted to building palaces, porticos, colonnades, fortresses, gardens, and great reservoirs. He was the wisest of men, and his fame extended throughout the whole world. He could interpret the songs of birds; he knew magic, and could exorcize evil spirits. Hiram, King of the Phœnicians, sent problems for him to solve. He composed maxims and poems. That is why the Queen of Sheba, followed by camels laden with aromatic spices and precious stones, came to question him, for she believed him wise.

But success, pride, and intellectual

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberalist weekly), *May* 8, 15, 22, 29

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curiosity estranged Solomon from his Lord. His treasures were wasted; he oppressed the people; he filled his harem with seven hundred princesses and three hundred concubines; and as most of them were strangers, he offered incense to their gods. A statue of Astarte was erected in the heart of Jerusalem; and others were built on high places in honor of Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and of Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon. Thereupon the Eternal withdrew the light of His countenance from Solomon and from his people, who had followed their king in dissipation and idolatry. Days of great tribulation for Israel followed, when its territories were divided into two kingdoms, on the eve of being led into captivity.

Is there a better example of a career with a brilliant beginning and tragic ending? I admire Solomon as the composer of the Song of Songs and most of the Proverbs, where the beauty of poetry is married to the sense of justice. But notwithstanding the critics, I have always attached a very deep significance to Ecclesiastes, that immortal plaint of the soul-weary old monarch, who had asked so much of life and had had his prayer too bountifully granted. It is because he has drunk happiness to the dregs that he condemns it. He is no Puritan denouncing that which he does not know, but the sated pleasure-lover whose joys have turned to ashes.

But let us rather think of him the day when he solemnly inaugurated the Temple — the Temple of marble and gold that shone like a 'snow-clad mountain,' as Josephus described it later. A high wall surrounded the paved courts, where the faithful, standing erect, prayed to the Lord. From the altars rose the smoke of incense and dripped the blood of victims. Only the priests could enter the sanctuary of paneled cedar and gold. There stood the seven-branched candlestick and the table of gold whereon the shewbread was. Beyond, behind the veil, — the veil that was to be rent on that terrible night, — was a dimly lighted apartment, the Holy of Holies, where the carved Ark of the Covenant and the stone tables of the Law reposed.

When, after years of hope and labor, the Temple was dedicated, a cloud enveloped the holy place like a dusky halo, and Solomon, causing the twenty trumpeters and those who played on harps and cymbals to be quiet, knelt before the assembly of Israel, who filled all the court and the streets of Jerusalem and the neighboring country as far as the hills that surrounded the city, and with arms extended and his face raised toward Heaven pronounced in the utter silence that magnificent prayer which begins with these words: 'Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath.' What a spectacle! But all that glory, all that faith, and that harmonious nation united in a single vow, were doomed to vanish.

When the Levites, on certain solemn days, slowly marched with the Ark upon their shoulders they kept their eyes cast down. God is a secret; none should be so bold as to gaze upon Him. In no part of the Temple was there a graven image. Later the Romans were astonished by this. But the Semite genius, whether Hebrew or Arab, conceives supreme greatness only in the abstract. That is why we find among the Mussulmen and the Jews a profounder reverence than among other men.

By declaring that He was the Son of God, Jesus angered the priests, for He thus denied that God was one. And by

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calling Him Father, He brought Him closer to us by making Him like us. That to the priests was a scandal. But it was perhaps this very familiarity, this intimacy, that made Christianity popular, that gave it success. If, in the eyes of the Mohammedans, and despite all the subtleties of the Church Fathers, its conception of the Trinity seems like polytheism, this is a mystic polytheism that reiterates rather than divides.

The Prophets. The history of the Twelve Tribes is the record of growing spiritual enlightenment, of a progressively perfected idea of deity; and this is due to the prophets that they produced, to the men who invariably appeared in hours of danger and crisis and forbade their people to be like other men. The threats and the curses of these inspired leaders, their flamboyant language, are explained by the imperative need of shaking Israel from its torpor. I find a survival and a proof of this in the noisy and exaggerated invective I hear everywhere to-day among these Eastern peoples.

From Jerusalem to the Dead Sea is a descent of nearly four thousand feet, into a long, weird furrow across the Desert of Judea, where the roadway makes a bright line across the pink rock. Abrupt declivities, void of trees or evidences of human habitation, tier upon tier of rocky, superincumbent boulders with every delicate tint of pink fading into yellow and lilac. As we get lower the air grows heavier. We pass a sign marking the level of the Mediterranean, after which we descend 380 metres more before we reach the bottom of the Jordan Valley and discern the Dead Sea at the foot of the mountains of Moab. Our motor car leaves the highway and comes to a stop on the sand amid scanty tufts of esparto grass discolored by salt water. The heavens are gray, shut in by motionless fog. A gloomy menace broods over this frightful solitude. Extraordinarily empty is the leaden surface of the sea. I walk laboriously along the shore, and the weight upon my spirits seems also to press upon my perspiring body. Not a breath of air, not a ripple of water, not the ghost of a movement — utter stagnation. Soon, unable to resist the deadness of the scene, I too halt in obedience to its curse. A warm mist clings to the farther reaches of the water, dimming the vision. On the right and left are arid mountains. So profound is the silence that it seems but a prelude, foreboding some extraordinary manifestation, unimaginable but imminent. Yet all that really happens is the arrival of a light breeze, making a barely perceptible ripple on the surface of the water, and then expiring, leaving them as motionless as ever. I thrust my hand into the brine. It burns with the excess of salt.

We hasten on toward the Jordan, and here the spectacle is even stranger — in the midst of all this gray and lifeless color, a turbulent, noisy stream racing through unnaturally bright green verdure. Finally we come to Jericho, a tropical oasis of palms and orange trees, over which storks are flying like messengers, like long-beaked angels.

When we return from the Dead Sea through a pink solitude where we catch glimpses now and then of black jackals, we are following the footsteps of Jesus when He ascended from Jericho to Bethany before the Passover. Passing Bethany, we surmount a last ridge and stop there to gaze upon Jerusalem. From this point we take in the whole city at a single glance, small but magnificent, girdled with crenelated walls, seated on her mountain as on a graven pedestal, separated from the rest of the world by the deep Valley of Kedron,

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and so unchanged from what she ever was, with her domes, her flat roofs, her threadlike streets, and her narrow gates, that one might say she was immune to time — Hebrew, Christian, Saracen, the City of David, Herod, Titus, Omar, Lusignan, and Allenby rolled into one.

It is from this outlook, where we now stand, that Jesus wept over her: 'Thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee.' It is here that the people 'took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.' On Palm Sunday He entered the city that glorified Him and crucified Him.

The West sees in the choice of such a mount a sign of humility, and possibly also a suggestion of melancholy irony. That is due to ignorance of the fact that this is the ordinary way of travel in Palestine. We exaggerate such things, as we do in conceiving Christ's birth as occurring in the midst of extreme poverty and privation. But to be born in a manger is a very common fate among the people of the Orient. In these communal houses, where the family and the domestic animals live side by side, a manger is the most appropriate, and perhaps the most comfortable, place to cradle a babe. On the other hand, however, when we exalt the cross into the glorious sign of our religion, we lose sight of the fact that it was in Jesus' day a shameful gibbet. By inviting death on the cross, like a slave or a criminal, Jesus added the last touch of bitterness to His sacrifice.

When we look around us in Palestine, a multitude of misinterpretations springing from our too conventional reading of the Scriptures come to our attention, and the longer we stay the more clearly we see how close the Bible is to everyday life. Therein lies its literal inspiration. It is not conventionalized; it is not beautified; it is a plain, unvarnished tale where man and nature are painted without disguise. Freed of the commentaries and the preconceptions that have encased it, a verse one has known from childhood begins to sparkle with a new light. If we could only read the Evangels for the first time, we should be astounded by their simplicity, by a certain ineffable grandeur they reveal. Jesus spoke surrounded by ordinary things, and to ordinary men. He chose His figures as they chanced to present themselves to His eyes at the moment. His impromptu parables were illustrated by what stood at hand, and derived their force from that. Opening the eyes of those who surrounded Him, He persuaded them at the same time that He taught them to see. It is this remarkable naturalness of the Evangels that makes them contemporary literature for every generation, and will do so to the end of the world, so that we can almost hear the very accents of Christ — stern, merry, bitter, pensive, and sometimes like a thunderbolt.

In the city of the Pharisees let us be cautious of the contagion of Pharisaism. For Christians to regard the Jews as a race accursed, as Christ's crucifiers, is to magnify their culpability and to minimize their misfortune. The rôle of a chosen people is not always an easy one. Yahweh kept His twelve tribes under close surveillance. He disciplined them harshly; He was stern with their weakness, exacting, and, when He thought it useful, merciless. He liberated them from Egypt, from the house of bondage, but only to let them wander forty years in

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the desert. Some of the Hebrews proved fickle, ungrateful, too inclined to worship strange deities together with the Eternal. But was not it excusable, after they had settled in Canaan and ceased to be nomads, to add to their deity, who was originally a guardian of flocks, the agricultural deities of the country, in order to win the favor of these for their new pursuits? Consider how difficult it must have been for the ancient Hebrews to spiritualize progressively their religious conceptions. Perhaps they found it burdensome to be a chosen race, to be the elect of humanity. Their prophets were constantly reproving them with words that, despite their eloquence, must at times have seemed intolerable. Nothing was permitted them. They finished by becoming wayward, like a child too severely brought up. But delivered into anarchy, ruined, exiled, reduced to slavery, massacred, the unhappy Israelites have paid terribly for their misdeeds.

And their misfortune — I might almost say their evil destiny — reached a climax at the time of Christ. For centuries they had awaited a Messiah who should deliver them from their bondage and reward them a hundredfold for their suffering. Now He came, and they did not recognize Him. The hopes so long deferred they themselves destroyed, and their crime — or their error — has recoiled upon them ever since. Thus the destiny of the race was compromised by a single hour, upon which all its subsequent history hinged. Others who called themselves the Messiah had risen and had won a following, but they had been convicted as imposters. Who could prove that the Nazarene was the true one? Only the Sanhedrin — just as to-day they beatify a saint at Rome — had authority to authenticate the prophets. The Sanhedrin tried Jesus and decided that He was not the Son of God. From that moment every loyal Israelite could do no otherwise than turn against Him.

The verdict of the priests and the scribes was a plausible one. For them the Messiah, for whom they had waited so long, was one who should accomplish the Law and restore to Israel her national independence. He was to be a great priest and the king of an emancipated people — a new David. But Jesus Christ announced a different law. He reproved bigotry and ritualism; He preached universal salvation, and refused to interest Himself in Jewish politics. The very doctrines that made Him a savior of all mankind convicted Him in the eyes of the pious patriots of Jerusalem.

And if these were His adversaries, what shall we say of His disciples? They had been His constant companions. They had listened to His every word. They had testified to His spiritual powers. But they too were more or less deceived in Him. He had picked them out in the crowd and drawn them to Him. Gratified by His favor, they looked forward to receiving high honors when Jesus became king, to being seated on His right and on His left. Naturally, therefore, they were shocked and disappointed when He spoke of His approaching death, and they followed Him with fear. The idea that the Kingdom of God is within one left them bewildered. And when the adventure was over, they found themselves outside the pale of the religious community. If one of them sold his Master, if another denied Him, if the others vanished for the time being, that was perhaps less because they were cowards than because, bereft of their illusions, they knew not whither to turn.

Let the Christian doctrinaire, then, cease to regard the crucifiers of Jesus

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as hardened criminals, but rather as simple men who were mistaken — not without some excuse. 'But they committed a crime!' Yes; still, they merely show us how easy it is to commit a crime. The tragedy of Calvary is the more touching and impressive because it was not abnormal, a monstrous and unprecedented atrocity, but a natural act of man. Even to-day, without dreaming of being murderers, we might easily do the same. What do I say? We shall do so to-morrow; we have perhaps done so to-day. That is what gives the Crucifixion its eternal significance. It was the outcome of a permanent state of mind which is doubtless normal. Too often have we deformed that episode into a sort of gigantic and horrible anecdote, loading it with details which are designed to impress the imagination but which merely conceal its essential lesson. The trial before Pontius Pilate and the scene at Golgotha are great and terrible chiefly because they are so logical.

Caiaphas, the chief sacrificer, makes us see this. The vagabond who had troubled the peace of the sacerdotal authorities for some time was assumed offhand to be an enemy. During the examination that preceded the punishment, the word that spontaneously rose to his lips was 'blasphemer.' Thus he justified himself, and in his indignation he tore his garments. For he realized what Jesus was the very moment that he sent Him to His death. In this tremendous historical dialogue the Prophet and the priest stood face to face. The Man who spoke the words of life and the man who recited the texts of the Law — the Man who obeyed the spirit and the man who obeyed tradition. And all through the long course of history this dialogue has been repeated. Dogmatism, necessary in its way; ritualism, often most useful; a clergy, with which we cannot dispense, labor constantly to confine Christ in a frame from which He is ever escaping — Christ, the eternal heretic, whom we so vainly attempt to imprison in institutions and to crucify in formulas.

But in our day has not this age-old misunderstanding become complicated by hypocrisy? Or, rather, is n't the conflict, instead of being decided in one sense or the other, subsiding into indifference? Here in Jerusalem, whose mighty tragedy no longer fills us with more than tepid indignation, in this repudiated Jerusalem to which men no longer come on pilgrimages, in this Jerusalem whose contradictions, whose provincialism and limitations, have weakened her appeal to the modern world, we cannot content ourselves with merely bandying words with our faith. How many Christians are there in present-day Europe, which still calls itself Christian, but where nationalist passion has replaced the passion of religion? Doubtless vague evangelical generalities have left their influence upon our laws if not upon our manners, but even these are disguised, diluted, disassociated from Christ, without whom they have neither virtue nor meaning. Love of our fellow men has been robbed of the spirit of sacrifice and has faded into commonplace humanitarianism. Charity, the spirit of giving, has made way for justice, the spirit of exacting. The affirmation that man is a sinner has been succeeded by the affirmation that man is good. That is no ordinary revolution. Formerly we prayed for things; now we take them. Who in our brutal and cruel post-war world ponders upon his own worthlessness and frailties, and prays for pardon? 'For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' Those words are incomprehensible to our generation. We do not admit that we are lost, and we

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feel no need of being saved. Saved from what?

Gethsemane. A little suburban garden, prim, tidy, enclosed with a wall and grill. A commonplace church with ordinary ornaments and atrocious paintings. One's heart sinks at beholding such vulgarity and silliness where the Man Divine wept tears of blood. By the side of these bourgeois horrors stands an ancient Romanesque chapel built by Melisinda, the daughter of Baldwin, which consists of a dark flight of steps leading down into a crypt. One leaves the light behind him at the threshold and descends into the darkness to the Tomb of the Virgin, which is, of course, apocryphal. But what a restful place it is, underground in this shady coolness after the glaring sun, the parching wind, and the dust-clouds above. One almost longs to stop forever at the end of this ant gallery, forgetting men, and noise, and glare, and to become a motionless, cryptic being, who loses the use of his eyes, of his critical faculties, of his reason.

Rain in Jerusalem. A violent wind filled with dust has blown all day across Jerusalem, and at length ends in rain, a rain for which the people have longed for months. For the cisterns are empty. Water has been rationed. I have seen people fight around the fountains at the hours when they were given access to them. A penetrating, misty rain, which dims the city to the vision like tear-filled eyes. Everything becomes hazy and obscured. The eastern landscape takes on a pigeon-gray tone, and the air has become humid and languid, as if a great, soft, moist blanket had been thrown across the earth. Jerusalem seems dissolved in her tepid mists and to lose her historic character.

The Tomb. I returned to the Haram, and found there only a deserted esplanade. I returned to the Holy Sepulchre, and found there nothing but wrangling and puerilities. I returned to the Wall of Tears, and my eyes remained dry. But going forth through the Damascus Gate, I came almost by chance upon an orchard of cypress and olive trees, with green, blossom-studded grass here and there. A denuded ridge, which has become a Moslem cemetery from which Christians are excluded, rises above it. Some fifty years ago archæologists, as a result of their methodical researches, concluded that yonder was the true site of the Calvary. And their investigations led them to believe that a tomb which they found in the orchard below might be the tomb of Jesus. An old Irish lady has made herself the benevolent guardian of this garden as a representative of an English committee which has bought it and enclosed it with walls to preserve it from profanation. She led me through its paths under the trees, evidently honestly filled with the mystical emotion that the spot evoked. She pointed to the flowers she herself had planted, and explained fluently the reason for supposing that this quiet orchard may indeed be a very holy place. All historical and topographical evidence, she said, pointed to this conclusion. The summit above has the conformation of a skull, as the word Golgotha signifies. The size of the tomb, cut in the flank of the hill, indicates that it certainly belonged to a wealthy Jew, such as Joseph of Arimathea was. Inside are two ledge-like benches, where the angels are supposed to have been seated after the Resurrection, one at the head and one at the foot. And there is an opening at the bottom of the sepulchre. That was where the Apostle John looked in and saw that it was empty. Moreover, the Calvary and the tomb are outside the

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walls of Jerusalem, as the Scriptures describe, which fact has not been established in case of the conventional site of the Holy Sepulchre.

Some years ago Father L——, a Dominican scholar who has devoted his life to the archæology of Palestine, questioned the authenticity of the official site. But the Franciscans, who have vested interests there, appealed to Rome, where they secured an opinion condemning Father L——'s conjecture. He did not pursue the matter further. But one day another Dominican, from the Institute of Saint James close by, came and requested the Irish lady to show him the tomb of which she is the guardian, and there he knelt and prayed for a long time.

Few places in poignant Jerusalem are more poignant than this little grove, where birds sing and where everything is so precisely as one would imagine it in advance. For centuries the world has worshiped at the Holy Sepulchre on the basis of an uncertain tradition. Priests, pilgrims, and populace have knelt there, persuaded that it was the very spot of the Crucifixion. Even official guides, who are not given access to this grove, never bring tourists here.

But all the same, suppose that the Christian world has been deceived and has worshiped at an apocryphal sanctuary; suppose that so much blood and so many tears have been shed, and so many prayers have been prayed, over a mistake; and suppose the tomb of Christ is really here, as is possible but will never be proved — how many pilgrimages must then be made over again! Around the other sepulchre men battle and wrangle and argue. This one remains deserted and neglected, and the world passes it by with indifference. What a symbol!

How calm and sweet this olive grove is in its retirement far from the noisy confusion and the meretricious decorations of the other holy sites. Am I not breathing here the very atmosphere of the Evangels? Pure, divine, flower-scented, with the light murmur of the breeze in the fragrant air, the open tomb radiates a mysterious serenity. Thither at dawn Mary Magdalene and the 'other Mary' hastened. It may not yet have been daylight. Nevertheless, when they entered the sepulchre they saw the angel in spite of the obscurity — the angel whose 'countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.'

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GENERAL HIGGINSON, CENTENARIAN[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

[THIS interview with General Higginson appeared on the hundredth anniversary of his birthday.]

IT is very peaceful at Gyldernscroft, where General Sir George Wentworth Alexander Higginson, G. C. B., is to-morrow to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birthday, and there is nothing more beautiful in all the beautiful Bucks county than this secluded domain, the grounds of which run down so romantically to the Thames. It belonged once — like so many other things — to Henry VIII. Any thought of human strife or struggle is surely acutely out of tune with an environment so tranquil, so remote from noise and turmoil. Yet the moment the threshold has been crossed one is confronted with the relics of battles of long ago — old-fashioned firearms, swords of many varieties, cuirasses, and other accoutrements that once lay on the fields of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. It was here that I had the privilege, on the eve of his one hundredth birthday, of an hour's interview with General Higginson, the last survivor of the band of Grenadiers that saved the colors at Inkerman, the remnants of which now hang safely in the Guards' Chapel. As he related to me the history of one relic after another the General explained to me that he does not care to talk much nowadays about his battles. 'And do you know why?' he said. 'It always seems to me now that the Great War wiped out, as it were, everything that had gone before. What, after all, were the wars that preceded that dreadful event, even those campaigns the reading about or the recollection of which thrilled us all on the one hand with patriotic pride and on the other with an overwhelming sorrow for the hosts of those who had passed over? Yes, the Great War obliterated all of them.'

The General is growing old, — at any rate, he is 'getting on,' — but he does not seem to have noticed the fact; and it is hopelessly difficult for one to whom he is talking to realize that he has lived through a whole century. His slight figure tells of the ceaseless activity sustained in retirement, in consecutive harmony with earlier military exercises. His easy, uninterrupted flow of talk in phraseology that would need no correction if written, and with an unerring choice of the precise word, is what strikes the interlocutor more, perhaps, than anything else. Now and again he shows a wit which, biting at times, is devoid of malice; and the caustic yet innocuous remark is accompanied by a flash from eyes which are strangers to glasses.

He must be on the move, and is much happier standing than sitting; and when the conversation turns to riding, we remember that we are privileged to be in the company of the soldier who was the model for the mounted officer in Lady Butler's immortal picture, 'The Roll Call.' There is, truly, a marvelous dynamic force in this centena-

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Conservative daily), *June* 21

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rian, this 'Father of the Grenadiers.' Scarce a day passes but he takes his accustomed walk. His is a familiar and beloved figure at the parish church. He presides regularly over monthly meetings of the Great Marlow Water Company; no gathering of the Borlase School is complete without him; and he would be grieved beyond expression if aught occurred to prevent his attendance at the meetings in connection with the Gordon Boys' Home.

Sir George was born on June 21, 1826, in Wilton Crescent, Belgravia, being the only son of General George Powell Higginson — who carried the Grenadiers' colors at Corunna — and Lady Frances Elizabeth Needham, second daughter of Francis, twelfth Viscount and first Earl of Kilmorey. Sir George's father was the first inhabitant of that part of Belgravia. It was at that time surrounded by fields and enclosures, the sole occupants being donkeys, the contemplation of which from his nursery window provided the child with his earliest recollections. There was a brewery on the site now occupied by the French Embassy at Albert Gate, and the thoroughfares further west were infested with footpads, who made it unsafe for citizens to venture out there after nightfall without protection.

'My nurse,' Sir George told me, 'generally took me out in the morning along the path by the side of Rotten Row, and sometimes we passed the Duke of Wellington, who was having his customary stroll from Apsley House. I used, on approaching him, to make a respectful tug at my little cap, and he never failed to acknowledge the salute by lifting his forefinger to the brim of his hat. Though I do not claim to have been honored in later life by any particular notice from the Duke, I recall various occasions on which I saw him at social and other gatherings. He generally stayed till very late, despite the fact that it was his habit to rise at six in the morning. He is remembered popularly as a hard man, but he often gave evidence of a great kindliness of heart and of a consideration for others, and I myself had opportunities of noticing this. I was present at his funeral, having been sent up from Windsor in charge of the flank companies from my battalion to form a guard of honor at the western door of St. Paul's.'

A wonderful day early in the year 1830 furnished one of the most vivid of the very early recollections of Sir George, and he now visualized the scene with extraordinary clearness at Gyldernscroft nearly ninety-seven years after its occurrence.

'At that time my father,' he said, 'was in command of the battalion of Grenadiers stationed at Windsor. I was walking one afternoon with my nurse on the Frogmore road when there came driving toward us a pony carriage flanked on either side by outriders. It was driven by a portly personage, who, on catching sight of us, pulled up and bade the nurse bring me up to the carriage. I was then a little fellow about three years and a half old. I can still see him clearly. He was wearing a great buff coat over his capacious figure, and had a very broad-brimmed hat half concealing his extremely fleshy yet kindly face. When my nurse brought me up to the carriage he patted me on the head, asked who I was, and added a few gracious words. It was George IV.

'Some years later, when my sisters and I used to go to Kensington Gardens in the afternoons, we attracted the attention of William IV. One day we had organized a sort of picnic in the gardens, and the King, who was driving through to the Palace, stopped his carriage — as George IV had done — and watched with much interest our childish games.'

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As showing the great gulf that is fixed between those days and the present, the General alluded to the interest with which he used to watch his nurse's efforts to strike a light with flint and steel and a tinder box. Most of the water required for the family was obtained by a footman from a pump near the house. One of the sights that the boy delighted to witness was the setting-off of the coaches from the White Horse cellar, in Piccadilly. Traveling any distance was a serious business, and an unforgettable experience was a journey that the boy made with his family into Shropshire to participate in the celebrations of the eighty-fourth birthday of his grandfather, the Earl of Kilmorey.

Is there any other person now living who saw the great fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament in 1834? At that time Sir George was at a school near Carshalton, the boys of which were awakened in the night by the glare of the conflagration. His father, with other Guardsmen, helped the fire brigade to save Westminster Hall and the Abbey. Appropriate reference to this event in his early life was made by Sir George at the dinner given in celebration of his ninety-seventh birthday by General Sir Archibald Hunter, in the Strangers' Dining-room of the House of Commons. A distinguished company then heard the remarkable speech of twenty minutes' duration delivered by the veteran Grenadier.

An experience of his boyhood that made some impression on him was a meeting with Beau Brummell.

'Our family,' said the General, 'had been on a visit to my uncle, General Campbell, then Governor of Jersey, and on returning home through Normandy we passed a night at Caen. At the dinner table in the hotel my father whispered to me, "Take a good look at the gentleman sitting opposite." It was Beau Brummell, who invited my father to take tea with him later in his lodgings. The invitation was accepted, and I accompanied my father, and was a listener to the conversation on days and events of which, of course, I knew nothing.'

It is a fascinating experience to listen to Sir George's recollections of Eton, which he entered in the year 1839. His indirect associations with the famous college go back even further than that, for he frequently visited it in earlier boyhood. On one occasion he was taken to see Professor Goodall, the predecessor of Dr. Keate. During his first half, though he was placed in the Remove, Sir George was, to use his own words, 'the victim of relentless fagging,' but he declared that the lessons of discipline that he then learned helped to fit him for after life in the Army.

Outstanding events that he recalls include the revolt which arose in 1841 as a sequel to two boys being expelled for attending the November 5 Windsor Fair, which had that year been declared out of bounds. Young Higginson was among the band of about two hundred boys who, rebelling against the edict, went to Bachelor's Acre, where the fair was held. There were some lively manifestations in school following the announcement of the expulsion of the two boys who had been caught, but the unfortunate episode was ended in a most graceful manner by the head master, Dr. Hawtrey, on November 9, when news arrived of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

It was Dr. Hawtrey who abolished the custom of 'Montem.' Once in three years, on Whit Tuesday, the boys had marched in procession, with banners and music, to Salt Hill, near the Bath road, where, highwaymanlike, they extracted 'salt' — money contributions — from passers-by and spectators.

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Young Higginson participated in the last 'Montem' in 1844.

'As a result of my five years at Eton,' said Sir George, 'I could compose indifferent verses in Greek and Latin. It is true that Homer, Vergil, Horace, and the Greek plays monopolized our studies, but at the same time the principles and rules of life that we imbibed at the dear old college were invaluable to us when we had to face the world and engage in its struggles. No doubt some training in modern languages would have stood us in good stead — and, in fact, my father once suggested that I ought to learn German. My tutor, when I mentioned this to him, observed that no doubt German would be very useful to help in reading the notes in the Greek plays! Nobody could accuse the Eton tutors of those days of any acquaintance with the modern languages,' added the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

It was in 1845 that Sir George joined the Grenadiers, and he remained with them till 1877. He had risen to the command of the 2nd Battalion, and subsequently he commanded the whole regiment. When the young Etonian was gazetted ensign and lieutenant and appointed to the 2nd Battalion, then quartered in the Tower, he was welcomed by the veteran quartermaster with the words, 'Glad to see you; very glad. I was your father's color-sergeant at the Battle of Corunna.'

'I love the Grenadier Guards with all my heart,' Sir George said, and one of his most treasured possessions is a gold cup given to him by his old regiment on the occasion of his golden wedding celebration in 1908. With the cup came a letter, in which it was written that the regiment regarded the recipient as 'a truly representative Grenadier — a title you have earned not only by your services in and to the regiment, but by the continued interest you have never ceased to take in the welfare of all ranks.'

No regimental dinner is complete without the presence of the General, and, though then within three weeks of his hundredth birthday, he attended the most recent gathering, at which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were present. He takes an active interest, too, in the Worcestershire Regiment, of which he is Colonel.

Apart from his long association with the Grenadiers, Sir George Higginson has served in various important posts. On his promotion to Major-General he was appointed to command the Brigade of Guards and the Home District, a position which he held from 1879 to 1884. He became Lieutenant-General in 1882. He was gazetted Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower in 1888, and remained there for two years, when he was promoted full general. He was created K.C.B. in 1889 and G.C.B. in 1903. On the occasion of his ninety-sixth birthday, in 1922, he received an invitation, written by the King personally, to attend at Buckingham Palace, and His Majesty handed him the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. Sir George is a Knight of the Legion of Honor and a Knight Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy.

Though he was close on ninety when the Great War broke out, Sir George threw himself energetically into the work of recruiting in Buckinghamshire, and since then he has continued to discharge various public duties and to interest himself in several institutions. One of those nearest his heart is the Gordon Boys' Home, which traces its foundation to a dinner in Wilton Crescent, where for many years Lady Higginson dispensed her gracious hospitality. Lady Higginson was the Honorable Florence FitzPatrick, the third of the first Lord Castletown's gifted daughters. During the fifty-four

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years of their married life, and up to her lamented death in 1912, she was her husband's constant companion, and is still remembered as one of London's most charming hostesses.

The ties between our Royal Family and the 'Father of the Grenadiers' are much closer than those merely binding subject to sovereign. Sir George can recall how as a small boy he saw 'a very young lady' in Kensington Gardens. This was the future Queen Victoria, in whose marriage celebrations he was later to join, as an Etonian, when Her Majesty and Prince Albert drove through the college.

He is proud to recall, too, that in the year 1861 he imparted military instruction to the Prince of Wales, who in later years, as Edward VII, with Queen Alexandria, frequently honored the Wilton Crescent home of Sir George and Lady Higginson with his presence.

'The Prince,' said Sir George, in recalling this circumstance, 'was treated exactly as was anyone else, and, indeed, he would not have had it otherwise. He displayed great aptitude in learning the rules of military discipline, and gave abundant evidence of those personal qualities which were to endear him in after days to the whole nation and to make him respected and honored throughout the world.'

Our present King and Queen have on many occasions given proof of their deep regard for the General. Sir George is godfather to Master Hubert Lascelles, the elder son of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, who is coming to Marlow on July 5 to take the leading part in the most important of the public celebrations of the centenarian's birthday — the presentation of the Court Garden estate, which, purchased by a local committee in honor of Marlow's most venerable and distinguished resident, is to be known as Higginson Park. There will be a notable private gathering to-morrow at Gyldernscroft; then the Grenadier Guards are, of course, honoring the Grand Old Man of the regiment in a special way; and altogether Marlow is to be a centre of unwonted animation during the General's one hundredth birthday celebrations.

INSURGENT AMERICAN LITERATURE[1]

BY RÉGIS MICHAUD

AMERICA is a prosperous country, materially speaking. Physically, she suffered only a little during the war. Some people pretend that she was enriched by it. Certainly she is rolling in gold — in her own and other people's. She scarcely knows the meaning of Socialism or poverty. She is solely a country of comfort and luxury, of Pullman cars, palaces, and cheap automobiles. Especially is she the country of jazz — an enormous Pont d'Avignon where the dancing never stops. All this is true. But if we believe her writers, America is not happy. A genuine *mal de siècle*, an epidemic of pessimism, has attacked Uncle Sam. Adolphes, Julien Sorels, and Bovarys abound. This *mal de*

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *June 5*

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siècle is expressed in an entirely new literature, both in purpose and form — a literature that we scarcely know in France, in spite of some excellent translations.

Even before the war, the brilliant façade of American optimism had some cracks and fissures in it which did not escape the notice of keener critics. At this time Henry Adams, a Yankee Montaigne, declared in his famous autobiography that American civilization was a failure; and the more prudent historians discussed the decadence into which the country had fallen.

While our critics and official travelers keep on celebrating 'intensive living' and 'American energy,' the more elect spirits across the water are obsessed with anxiety. The legend of American optimism hardly survives a careful reading of the works of Emerson, Whitman, or Mark Twain. Emerson, for instance, is far from being the satisfied idealist that people sometimes imagine. His diary has shown him to us in a new light, with points of resemblance to Nietzsche and to the gay wisdom itself. His transcendentalism is an evasion, a sop thrown to his conscience. Shall I also speak of Thoreau, that gentle anarchist who refused to pay taxes, and who consoled his misanthropy fairly well on the banks of Walden Pond in the company of animals and flowers? Walt Whitman, trying to take the whole cosmos in his arms, — 'I, Walt Whitman, a cosmos,' — ended his days in lamentable distress, in a sordid little room in Camden, New Jersey. We still remember the martyrdom of Edgar Allan Poe. Thanks to the piety of his French admirers, from Baudelaire to Paul Valéry, many monuments have been raised to him, but his own country has not yet made him its own. Thus, curiously enough, the classical ground of optimism has nourished a sorrowful literature that becomes more gloomy as we come closer to the present.

By increasing constraints and tightening up social and moral codes for three hundred years, one cannot succeed in imposing on a democracy of more than a hundred million people the political ideas of a little group of adventurers. America, which is historically the youngest nation in the world, seems intellectually the oldest. In any case, it is the least evolved: in the twentieth century American democracy remains faithful to the ideal of theocratic puritanism. There are few other examples of similar arrested development, of what Emerson before Bergson called 'surface petrification.' That is what young America is attacking to-day. Puritanism is the mode, but young Americans, full of life, movement, and liberty, disrespectfully denounce the ideal of their fathers. They attack family, school, church, and State; nothing finds grace in their eyes.

This began fifteen years ago, in the movement known as 'new poetry.' All those involved in this renaissance of American poetry were not pure imagists like the leader of the movement, the lamented Amy Lowell. There were among them genuine Freudians, sad souls who used poetry, as Anglo-Saxons are apt to do, much less as an art than as a safety valve. At that period two great poets appeared — Edgar Lee Masters and Robert Frost. The former in his *Spoon River Anthology*, the latter in a sort of Puritan romanticism, set themselves to exploring the unconscious and the bottommost depths of the human personality. Since that time, evasion in the form of poetic expression has become a regular infatuation, a sort of sport in the United States. Poets are swarming. They do not even go to college to get their credentials. In

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recent years the works of several infant prodigies have been published — little girls, for the most part, even more precocious than Rimbaud.

A double tradition governs the American theatre. For the mass of the people there are musical comedies and vaudeville, hooked up closely with movies, jazz, sports, right down to the famous 'blue devils' to which the Anglo-Saxon soul is such an easy victim. In the serious theatre, on the other hand, a great dramatist has appeared. He is Eugene O'Neill. This man's plays are nightmares in speech, dreams come to life, tragic states of the subconscious projected on the stage. His heroes are modern Hamlets — rustic, savage Hamlets grappling with their subconsciousness. O'Neill has given us Freudian documents of the first water. He is a lyrical Pirandello.

But the intellectual revolt reaches its height in the novel. In this sphere America already had a tradition. She possessed Hawthorne and Henry James. Even to this day Hawthorne remains an astonishingly intimate writer, a forerunner of Freud and psychoanalysis, devoting himself to inspecting human consciousness and the very roots of private lives. James, a master of interior monologue, wove a fantastic web. Young America has foolishly turned its back on these two masters. The French and Russian wave has passed over the country. Slavic and Anglo-Saxon mysticism are going hand in hand. Dostoevskii, Andreev, and Chekhov are enjoying a wide vogue over there to-day. As for our French masters, from Balzac and Flaubert to Marcel Proust, they have not ceased exercising their fascination.

It is in the American Middle West, and in Chicago, its capital, that the contemporary American novel has been developed. This literary hegemony of the West is no surprise. Emerson said that Europe ended at the Allegheny Mountains. Beyond them there is real American country, isolated by its very size, and even freer than the East from foreign contact. The pioneer subdued it, and, little by little, supplanted the Puritan. In Middle-Western American literature immigrants were called upon to play a considerable rôle, and among them are numbered Dreiser, Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and Willa Cather. Dreiser is himself the son of immigrants, as is Sherwood Anderson. A considerable Jewish element is also represented in contemporary American literature by such talented writers as Waldo Franck, Ben Hecht, Hergescheimer,[2] Lewisohn, and Untermeyer.

The modern American novel has plenty of faults. It is the work of untrained artists, parvenus in the world of letters, who have gained their literary glory by the sweat of their brow during off-moments of a hard life; there are more mystics than æsthetes among them. But gauche and inept as the American novel is to-day, at least it has the merit of sincerity; and it is immersed in real life. Far from reflecting the optimism of the masses, it is realistic and pessimistic. At bottom, the writings of Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, are not gay. These writers all tell us the same story with touching unanimity — stories of financial, but even more of intellectual and moral, bankruptcy. Their heroes are young men or young women of humble birth, held down by social restraints. They are thwarted, evasive, unbalanced. Ambition and passion — *ambitio et libido* — have seized hold on them in their native villages. Big cities fascinate them. They come to a tragic and lamentable end after various sor-

[2] Mr. 'Hergescheimer' is not, in point of fact, a member of this illustrious race. — EDITOR

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rowful experiences. The American novel has definitely abandoned the traditional happy ending to the movies and magazine stories. Dreiser's heroes usually end in suicide, capital execution, or complete moral solitude. Sinclair Lewis's characters capitulate with the crowd and willingly enlist with the army of the Philistines, except for his most recent creation, Arrowsmith, who at last frankly rebels. Sherwood Anderson abandons his characters more and more to mystic babble, to noisy, half-decadent dreaming. James Branch Cabell liberates his with irony. We are a long way from old-fashioned edifying fiction.

For the last ten years this literature of suffering, oppressed youth has flourished. The books of Roger Martin du Gard, Lucien Fabre, de Lacretelle, Henry de Montherlant, Jean Schlumberger, correspond roughly to the more or less disguised autobiographies of Floyd Dell, Ben Hecht, and others.

The intellectual revolt in the United States has even more positive aspects. It has nourished warfare in the course of which several critics of the first water have been revealed. Recently it inspired a celebrated and sensational manifesto of thirty intellectuals who mercilessly examined American civilization. It growls and grimaces in the essays of the editor of the *American Mercury*, Mencken, a famous foe of puritanism and a professional satirist of democracy.

What, would one say, is tormenting the Americans? Have they not all the best reasons to be pleased with themselves? What is lacking? To judge from their writers, they lack freedom of thought and *joie de vivre*. 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' Material comfort is not enough for young people. They feel the tyranny of public opinion weighing on them. They are shackled with constraints. They look in vain about them, to their institutions and their customs, for something that will set individual expression free. They cry out against utilitarianism, moral and religious discipline, social intolerance, and Philistinism. That is why literature becomes more and more a kind of evasion for them — an evasion by travel or exile in foreign countries, as it was for Henry James; an imaginative evasion for Poe, Whitman, Jack London; a sarcastic evasion for Mark Twain or Mencken. The bravest spirits do what our Flaubert did, and split their life into two parts: they let their thwarted romanticism revenge itself in realistic observation. They would all be glad to turn their backs on a life in which action is not the sister of the dream.

From the artistic point of view the efforts of these new American writers have produced unequal results. Pure artists are the exception, not the rule. Among the number whom pure art occupies is James Branch Cabell, the genial author of *Jurgen*, which spices with frankly American humor a philosophic tale in themanner of his masters, Rabelais, Voltaire, and Anatole France. Then there is Joseph Hergesheimer, the author of *Cytherea*, a clever dramatizer of passion in picturesque settings, and Waldo Franck, who has learned from Edgar Allan Poe the secret of fantastic evocations. The majority of young writers take to literature and art because it satisfies a veritable need for personal expression and freedom. They are not moralists, but psychoanalysts anxious to establish a new American ideal on a true realistic conception of human nature.

Let us wish this group of valiant insurgents good luck. Long ago America gained its political liberties. May it, through these young men, also gain the proclamation of the rights of the artist, the man, and the writer.

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TWO POEMS

'LOVE'S NOT TIME'S FOOL'

BY E. B. FORD

[*London Mercury*]

'Love's not Time's fool.' Oh, would he were, and oh
That Love were mortal, as he might be slain —
Arrows of scorn we loose at him in vain,
But he is not dismayed by any blow.
We are Love's fools, or else by now should know
That when he fairest seems, when, in his hand,
Chances are balanced true, and fortunes stand
Happy — he only poises them, to throw
Farther asunder, or to change the chimes
Faster, as false-tongued bell betraying bell
Chases but cannot, clanging, overtake.
The shadowed earth has her appointed times
Since last athwart the waiting moon she fell —
But Love makes fools Time never can unmake.

GREECE REMEMBERED

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

So still this land is, so austere
  Where the dead Greek youth went,
That a man might think it were
  Their sculptured monument.

Yet even in space, yet even in time,
  Like a moon-outlined leaf,
A perfect phrase in a lost chime
  — It was so brief, so brief.

The marble hills stand in the seas,
  The minute seas curl under them:
Even as if Praxiteles
  Had carved them on a gem.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Marxian Music

ALTHOUGH art, in its various branches, is said to be progressing normally in Russia, the official doctrine of the Moscow Government reads that pure art is not worth much, and that all arts, even music, should serve political ends. Consequently a zealous convert in a Tatar vernacular newspaper wrote the following article apropos of the first Tatar opera, *Sania*, which was staged at Moscow: —

'From the Marxist point of view, music is the reflection in sounds of the country's economic structure. Marx himself wrote nothing on music; nor did our leader, Vladimir Ilich [Lenin]. This, of course, is a pity, for what an addition they might have made to the world's musical literature, which we all know is so poor, so pitifully bourgeois!

'But, comrades, we are now armed by the Marxist method, the method tested by Vladimir Ilich and fully justified in practice. We Marxians, who had the pleasure of beholding Vladimir Ilich in the flesh, of living in his time, and of taking part in his great experiment, make no mistake if we apply the Marxist method to music as we would a yardstick to percale. The great advantage and the great merit of Marxism are that, once mastered, it makes us competent to judge whatever happens in the economic, political, or social world, or in any branch of human knowledge.

'Comrade Radek, talking to the American journalists, said that we Marxians are the only clear-sighted people in the whole blind world of bourgeois scholastics. We alone can speak unequivocally. And to do so we need not move from one quarter of the globe to another. Marxian analysis serves us as the telescope serves astronomers.

'Let us take, for instance, the music of different countries, and we shall instantly perceive in it the different stages of their economic development. Here are England, America, Europe, and Tsarist Russia. What a huge difference between the respective music of these countries! True, in all their operas and symphonies we hear the same bourgeois melodies. The music appears at first mighty, but it really expresses misery and cupidity. To the powerful development of industry and economics in England and America correspond the richness and variety of the operas, symphonies, and other forms of music in those capitalist States. They are, of all the bourgeois-capitalist world, the richest in music. They are followed by the European countries. Here Germany occupies the first place; then comes France; then former Austria; and last of all Italy, which failed to produce anything notable.

'Who of you, comrades, has ever heard an Italian opera, an Italian symphony? No one, I am sure; and the reason is that there is none, or nearly none. Italy is the poorest of the European countries economically, and consequently its music is poor too.

'Now for Tsarist Russia — what has she created? The monarchist anthem; *Vo lusiakh* (a folk song); and *Chizhik-pyzhik* (a children's song). That is all. In fact, Russian musical life has only begun since the great Revolution of October 1917, which destroyed all the handicaps in the way of the country's

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economic development and gave full power to the proletariat. She will present the world with musical pieces too difficult for our existing system of notation. We shall blaze new trails.

'We must make a Marxian approach to the folk music. Our comrade composers will give a Marxian interpretation of the musical expressions of every nation in the Soviet Union. Former Russian composers probably never heard, just as the bourgeois composers of other capitalist countries simply did not know, what melodies the plain laboring folk created. They invented, secure in their studies, motifs incomprehensible and even hostile to a proletarian ear.

'Our first national opera, *Sania*, is not entirely built on Marxian lines, which is explained by the fact that the composer Vinogradoff is not sufficiently permeated by this teaching. Nevertheless, it is not bourgeois music; it is our music. We have all understood it perfectly. Our Russian comrades understand it better than they do any of Beethoven or Chaikovskii, for the Russian and the Tatar proletariat are brothers in spirit.

'Hail to Marxism that opens limitless horizons of musical creation to us!'

The New Academician

HASTE was never the watchword of the French Academy. Three years to a day from the death of Pierre Loti, his successor, Albert Besnard, was inducted into the company of the Forty Immortals. To the ignorant and insensitive foreigner this task might seem simple enough, but the French genius for complication decrees otherwise. Not only was it necessary to extol both Loti and Besnard, but some convincing excuse had to be found for having a painter occupy the chair once warmed by a man of letters. Perhaps on account of his political experience, this delicate task was assigned to M. Louis Barthou, and it is a great relief to hear that he was letter-perfect.

'The joy that we feel in receiving you in our midst,' he began, 'is mixed with the sadness of a dolorous anniversary.' This gambit led him at once to the following evocation of M. Loti's fragrant memory: —

'Out of doors on an early summer's afternoon, the weather was beautiful. "The languors and limpidities of a Spanish afternoon" filled the pure, hot air. While two admirable eyes that had reflected all the splendors in the world lay fast shut, a dominical procession marched through the narrow street of a small town.' Thus M. Barthou gracefully but inevitably led up to the fact that Pierre Loti died three years ago.

When it was M. Besnard's turn to speak, he ran the master of ceremonies a close second. Although the author of a book on Rome, he did not venture to compare himself to M. Loti as a writer. Instead, he sprung a pleasant surprise by hailing Loti as a painter — not in black or blue, but in gray. 'Loti sketches in gray,' he announced, 'and in this way he exteriorizes inner struggles and soul grapplings by lifting them into plain sight on a vigorous basis, setting up as their protagonist an ideal being — in short, himself — speaking their own language.' On the whole, it seems just as well that Mr. Besnard did *not* set himself up as a master of lucid prose.

Perhaps a few sordid facts concerning the new Academician will not be out of place. Paul Albert Besnard (he has now dropped the Paul) was born in 1849, and in 1874 won the Prix de Rome. After a long engagement, due to poverty, he married Charlotte Dubray, the daughter of a sculptor. He is a member of the Institute of France, and

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a director of the École Nationale des Beaux Arts.

Koussevitsky Abroad

THIS popular conductor is much more daring in temperamental Europe than he is in stolid Boston. *Dni* thus describes one of his Paris concerts where a piece by a Russian would-be composer named Obukhov was played: —

'It was accompanied by a scandalous uproar. Having listened to this "music" obediently for fifteen minutes, the audience began to react energetically against the torment, which was to occupy ten more minutes. It must be said, in defense of the public, that the sounds produced upon the concert platform were really profoundly irritating. They consisted of whistling, — plain whistling by means of two fingers put into the mouth, — as well as shouts and howls of singers directed by the composer, who sat at the piano himself. Naturally such provocation could not be resisted. People began to imitate the orchestra from their seats, so that Obukhov's piece was performed to an accompaniment of laughter, cries of "*Assez*," whistles, and finally applause — which was evidently believed to be the best way to force an interruption. Author and musicians, however, came out afterward and bowed, while the improvised concert in the audience did not subside.'

That Baldwin Boy

As if it were n't enough to have the coal strike, Winston Churchill, and the American golf victories on his mind, poor Stanley Baldwin is also afflicted with a son. Young Oliver spent eventful years in and out of Near Eastern prisons and armies, only to return to Blighty a confirmed Red of the most sinister dye, just when his father was trying to do a Calvin Coolidge. Yet even political heresy pales before the arrogant youngster's latest prank of putting himself into communication with departed spirits. It was, he announced recently, especially easy for very young and very old people to establish this liaison with a brighter world than ours. In fact, until he discovered spiritualism he had never found life worth living. Possibly it is worth while finding one's self in agreement with all those other great minds to whom the spirit world offers so much solace if in doing so one can shake off those depressing views that are raising so much havoc in the ranks of our disillusioned young folk. But what no decent white man can subscribe to is Master Oliver's horrid satisfaction in hearing voices in five languages. If, in that dim land where there is no marriage or giving in marriage, one has to attend Berlitz schools or to have served an apprenticeship in the editorial department of the *Living Age* in order to find one's way about, the less said the better.

New Angles on French Food

No doubt the prospective penury to which France is being reduced on account of Uncle Shylock's harsh debt terms is responsible for two new refinements in the Gallic cuisine that the Paris police have lately brought to light. A certain baker was prosecuted the other day for having leavened his bread with wood shavings, dead beetles, and other foreign substances. He excused himself on the ground that he was only following the recipes of other distinguished chefs. At about the same time a dairyman was brought to book for the sin, not unheard of even in this sanitary country, of watering milk. He was fined five hundred francs and sentenced to a month in prison, but since

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it was his first offense he was let off his jail sentence. At once, with that endearing thrift for which his country is famous, he proposed that he be let off the fine and go to jail instead. But Greek had met Greek, and he had to pay up.

First Aid to the Lovelorn

CENTRAL Europe will soon be able to give points even to the French in the science of love. Berlin has now followed Vienna's lead and opened a 'Marriage Advice Bureau,' in which a physician examines aspirants for matrimonial honors of both sexes free of charge. In some cases a course of Swedish exercises is recommended; others are told they had better wait a year or two; a few unlucky devils are advised never to get married if they have any regard for the future of humanity; but most, we hope and suspect, are given a magnificent diploma proclaiming them physically fit for the ordeal of wedlock. These fortunate candidates hurry home with their shingles under their arms, happy as a young Ph.D. on Commencement Day. The certificate is sometimes framed and hung over the mantelpiece — in desperate cases it could even be publicly displayed.

Much as this scheme has to recommend it, and likely as our coeducational universities are to adopt it, there is one grave fault in the way it has been applied in Berlin. There the Bureau is forced to share the waiting-room of the municipal dental clinic, and the mistakes that are likely to arise can be better imagined than described. How sharper than a dentist's yanks it is to have a toothless bride.

Women and Work

'IF a girl spends her day addressing envelopes and clearing up an office, many people regard it as a superior occupation to that followed by a girl who spends her day doing the varied work of looking after a home. This is the natural state of a society in which the dignity of work is not recognized.'

The author of this bit of prose is an English school-teacher, Miss Gwatkin by name, and her advice was given for the benefit of a recent conference of headmistresses of high schools. True as this may be in England, it can hardly be said that the 'dignity of work' is unrecognized in a country of realtors, morticians, and sanitary engineers. Yet we, like our English cousins, have the same problem on our hands. Over there it has been discovered that girls seeking employment object to beginning the day's toil at the ghastly hour of 9 A.M. They also expect to be on the job an unreasonably short length of time, and frequently turn down good offers for one or both of these excellent reasons. The ones that are willing to take up the white woman's burden are not as good at sums as they should be, and this compels them to seek employment elsewhere after only the briefest connection with any given firm. But the most aggravating thing of all is the fact that those who do well in their examinations and get splendid letters from their teachers have not acquired that ability to foresee and measure up to emergencies which to us big business men is almost second nature. It seems that the stupid ones who strike out for themselves generally get further ahead in the long run.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Bernard Quesnay, by André Maurois. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1926. 10 fr.

[Henri de Regnier in *Le Figaro*]

With M. Maurois and his *Bernard Quesnay* we find ourselves among people of to-day. We accompany our hero from Provence and Brittany to Normandy, where the Quesnay family runs a textile mill in the little town of Pont de l'Eure. Bernard Quesnay arrives at the close of the war. He is an energetic and intelligent young man, but has no particular taste for the life that his grandfather and brother are leading. Bernard loves literature, and the tissue of phrases interests him more than the tissue of cloth. The family tradition, however, leads him to the factory. He leaves Paris and his charming mistress Simone to take his place at Pont de l'Eure with his family. Before him lies a severe life of hard work. Bernard Quesnay finds himself facing new duties, but he will learn how to cope with these responsibilities of which he knows so little. He has to undertake his industrial education, his moral and material apprenticeship.

It is this education, this adaptation of young strength to external forces, that governs his career, and the subject of M. Maurois's beautiful and severe book is the way the young man has to meet this struggle by taking part in it personally. We are introduced to factory life, and to the lives of those who exploit the factory, with rare competence and solid brevity. How far we are from the descriptive tableaux that so delighted the romantic naturalism of a Zola! Maurois's method is quite different from that of the author of *Germinal*. There are strikes and unemployment in this novel, but they are treated with forcible sobriety, without lyrical or descriptive effects. The death and burial of old Quesnay are also soberly told. When the old man dies, the factory passes into the hands of his grandson Bernard, for his brother Antoine, from whom he feels himself gradually drifting away, has become bored with business and has retired. Everything now depends on Bernard Quesnay, but he is fitted to fulfill the task, which has been absorbing him more and more and which now takes up all his time. The surroundings have scored a victory on him and he has adapted himself to them. He has become one of the wheels in this industrial machine whose workings he now understands and to which he has devoted all his energies. Bernard Quesnay has died inside him; he is now nothing more than Quesnay, head of the Quesnay establishment and a captain of industry.

The Connoisseur and Other Stories, by Walter de la Mare. London: W. Collins and Sons, 1926. 10*s*. 6*d*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

'Gossamer,' says the encyclopædia, is 'a light filamentous substance which often fills the atmosphere to a remarkable degree during fine weather in the latter part of autumn, or is spread over the whole face of the ground, stretching from leaf to leaf and from plant to plant, loaded with entangled dewdrops, which glisten and sparkle in the sunshine. . . . Why gossamer threads or webs are produced by the spiders at all is also a question not easily answered. . . . The spiders which produce them are wafted up along with them; but whether for the mere enjoyment of an aerial excursion, or in order to shift from place to place, is not clear.' Mr. de la Mare's short stories leave us, perhaps, with something of the same perplexity, for their purpose is frequently — at least upon a single reading — obscure. They have also a great deal of the entrancing beauty of gossamer. They begin their aerial journey, and the reader, wholly fascinated by the indescribable charm of Mr. de la Mare's style, follows through the sunlight, until at last, in shade, he loses the beauty and finds himself looking with considerable doubt at death or at the unknowable. Several of the stories in *The Connoisseur* take the form of narratives communicated to an imaginary interlocutor by one who has had inexplicable experiences. In each case the narrator is deftly and penetratingly characterized. Scenes are touched in with a delicious freshness. Personal peculiarities — which add much to the vividness of the tale — are rendered with great care. And yet, whatever the theme, the world which these stories reveal is a world known only, it would appear, to Mr. de la Mare. At times one feels it is a world of faëry; but in fact it is most nearly a world of dreams. All the stories — even that one, the purport of which is least confusing, which gives its title to the collection — are more like dream than reality.

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They are the stories of one who has great poetic imagination. It is impossible to read them without appreciating the fact that the author's mind is filled with beauty, with lovely pictures, with a bold and original speculative quality. But just as in dreams one is sometimes launched upon gossamer threads without being quite able to comprehend the mysterious purpose of one's own journey, so in reading these tales one feels that the enjoyment of an aerial excursion does not always bring one to any obvious goal. 'Oh, the end,' as Mr. Pritchard dejectedly echoes in 'Disillusioned,' — 'that is always the difficulty.' Presumably Mr. de la Mare himself perceives the goal; and it may be that in his analyses of states of mind — as in 'Mr. Kempe,' the opening story, where an atmosphere of horror and dread is finely created, but where the depiction of this atmosphere seems alone to have been the author's object — some kind of symbolism is intended. The symbolism, however, is not clear; and the tale appears to mean nothing at all. It merely records the experience of a tourist who encounters a spiderlike widower and who escapes from the widower's clutches by leaping out of a window. His fear is nameless, and is described with extraordinary command of language and symptom. But the story seems to lack creative impulse. It is an elongated lyric in prose. The repetition of this characteristic in other stories produces the doubt whether Mr. de la Mare, with all his gifts as a writer of prose and a weaver of yarns, has quite solved his own æsthetic problems. Aerial excursions which last as long as the stories in *The Connoisseur*, which fly as wide and as deep into the abysses of the spirit, and which leave the patient reader in doubt as to their purport, may delight poets and symbolists, but may yet be something less than satisfactory as works of the creative imagination.

Les Poilus, by Joseph Delteil. Paris: B. Grasset, 1926. 10 fr.

[*Journal des Débats*]

With the realistic methods of his *Jeanne d'Arc*, M. Delteil this time brings to life the war, the armies, the soldiers, and the generals. The war is here narrated by means of impressions and memories, images and legends — a narrative, disengaged from explanatory details, of an epic struggle, treated in the descriptive manner of Michelet, with battle pictures and nature scenes, a sort of lyric fresco that is wanting neither in originality nor in greatness.

Goodly Pearls, by George A. Birmingham. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

George A. Birmingham breaks fresh ground. His Ireland we know and love and laugh at; we have followed him chuckling over comic-opera Balkan States; here, at last, is what we have often wondered he never gave us before — a story with an English setting. Having settled among us and devoted some time to the study of us, Mr. Birmingham finds the most striking thing in English life to-day to be an eagerness in the search for something good. 'England is uneasily seeking two things, which perhaps are only one — religion and justice. In the search for the one she is moving toward Catholicism; for the other, toward what is vaguely called Socialism.' Whether England in her search is going the wrong way, in either case or both, Mr. Birmingham does not express an opinion — indeed, to be perfectly frank, the book leaves us with the idea that he is not very sure.

What really matters is the promise that the keen wit and practised power of story-telling which were given to other countries are now to be devoted to our own, and Mr. Birmingham will find subjects and enough to his hand in the English village community. Here he writes of a peaceful, happy parish, into which were introduced within a few days of each other a young Russian girl, daughter of a refugee prince, and a youthful Anglo-Catholic priest from a poor but ritually-minded parish in the East End of London. The quiet waters of that parish were troubled until they nearly boiled. The Russian captivated and captured the Boy Scouts, leading them into all sorts of deeds of daring in the Bolshevism-hunt among the men friends whom the priest brought down from the slums; the priest galvanized the religious life of the parish and attacked fiercely the economic conditions under which its workers were living. And while the farmers had no objection to a five o'clock in the morning Mass, or indeed to any other novelty which the young enthusiast cared to introduce inside the church, nothing in this world would induce them to agree with what he said about wages outside. What would have happened in Queen's Clevely it is difficult to predict had not the trouble dissolved itself as trouble will where a man and a maid are concerned, and thus absolved the bishop of the diocese from the necessity of 'doing something.' A diverting little comedy skillfully played.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Education and the Good Life, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. $2.50.

In *What I Believe*, Mr. Russell wrote that 'the good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge.' His present book is a new I Corinthians xii for those who would actively seek to guide love by knowledge — and especially the knowledge of the child and of the human instincts generally which has resulted from the investigations of scientific psychology.

One expects the author to be a pacifist, an idealist, and to be fearless. All these impressions are strong in *Education and the Good Life*. But while the book is full of the sense of courage, and while no tradition can make itself sacrosanct against Mr. Russell's sincere scrutiny, we are told that he has tried 'to remain aloof as far as possible' from the 'wider sphere of politics and philosophy.' His views upon ultimate social and intellectual topics are frankly introduced or alluded to at natural points, but the book is largely a series of practical counsels upon the education of children, especially in their earliest years — counsels that are full of common sense, psychological and educational knowledge, and penetration, both acute and affectionate, into the human mind and spirit. Mr. Russell fears neither to break with tradition nor to acknowledge good in it. Some educational ends he thinks the authorities of the old school secured to better advantage than modern methods are able to do. Again, he does not fail to note excesses and exaggerations in the tenets of recent psychology. But it is needless to say that he is an eager partisan of progress, that his heart is set on uprooting the stupidity and selfish malignancy which were capable of inflicting extremes of punishment and unhappiness on children in the cause of piety and morals. He has small respect for Dr. Arnold, and a great deal more for Madame Montessori. We infer that he does not propose to repeat in the education of his own son the training which left John Stuart Mill, as he tells us, unable to bring himself to believe in later life that his father might have been wrong.

Practical and minute as the greater part of Mr. Russell's advice about the bringing up and schooling of children is, axiomatic as much of it must be to the liberal mind, *Education and the Good Life* is an exciting book, an intellectual thriller of the first order. For Mr. Russell's observations, however small their object, are large and martial in effect. They call out for advance at every turn. Many of them are aphorisms of great significance, and the ultimate is never far from his immediate. To read his chapters on 'Fear,' 'Play and Fancy,' 'Affection and Sympathy,' is to feel that the family can be made a new vehicle for understanding and noble training. The elements of character, Mr. Russell believes, can be settled in the first six years of the child's life; education thereafter, granted that the early training has been intelligent and sympathetic, should be largely intellectual. Interesting in a high degree is the author's analysis of the four qualities at which education for character should aim. Toward some of his ideas many readers will find themselves in the position of dissenter or Didymus, but in so fine a work the number is insignificant. Perhaps it is inevitable, too, that one should reflect on some admirable fellow creatures who have been brought up on principles contrary to those of Mr. Russell, and on the fact that the best human clay seems sometimes to have been produced out of cruelty and ignorance. This is not a reason for upholding the existing order in so far as it may be ignorant or cruel; and Mr. Russell gives a great stimulus to the desire for good.

His own pages move with vitality and strength, and he admits remarkably little sadness or cynicism in his counsels of progress. Yet the book is capable of leaving an impression of sadness, for we are as far as the moon from Mr. Russell's imagined world of enlightened, candid, and unselfish training for all children. To put some of his schemes into effect, large increases in the educational budget would be necessary. Why is it that obstacles are allowed to stand in the way? 'If existing knowledge were used and tested methods applied, we could, in a generation, produce a population free from disease, malevolence, and stupidity. We do not do so, because we prefer oppression and war.'

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ASIA: A SHORT HISTORY

By

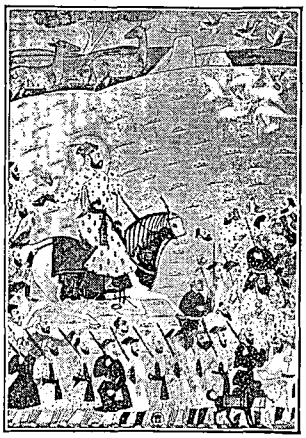
HERBERT HENRY GOWEN

Herbert Henry Gowen, D.D., was born at Great Yarmouth, England. From 1886 to 1890 he was in charge of Chinese missions in Honolulu, and he has been in charge of Japanese missions in Seattle. Since 1906 he has been Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Washington at Seattle. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Royal Asiatic Society and a member of the American Oriental Society. He is the author of numerous books, including "An Outline History of China."

ASIA, with the countless and varying currents of racial, political and religious feeling and activity running through her history, with her great figures of romance, such as Timur the Lame, Jenghiz Khan, Akbar the Great, and that Western adventurer in the East, Marco Polo, is a field tempting to an historian. The author treats these currents with full recognition of their primary importance, but also sees the influence of great men, whether conquerors or mystics, in changing the tides of the world's story.

THE GREAT MOGHUL, BABER, ON HIS WAY TO BATTLE

Dr. Gowen, Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Washington, is, however, far less interested in the exotic story of Asia for its own sake than he is in enabling the people of contemporary America to understand the peoples of Asia through their social and political backgrounds. The author believes that the life of the world is approaching an era in which the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean will come to the forefront, and that the preservation of peace among those nations depends upon their understanding of each other's history, problems and racial differences. This understanding will be made clearer if each nation has before its eyes the development of its neighbors in the present and their hopes for the future.



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